

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

VOL. 4.

JULY, 1887.

No. 40.

The Queen and Music.

WE English are a loyal people, and the example of the occupant of the throne has always been with us a felt power.

The home is the centre of our national life, and the influences that have acted upon family life have ever been most potent in effecting a change in the thought or attitude of the English people, and in this respect our Queen's example has not been without its swaying power. In reviewing, therefore, the forces that have in such a far-reaching manner during the past fifty years widened and developed the art life of the English people, the Queen's personality must be counted as an important factor.

In developing the culture of music and ennobling it as an art our Queen's influence has been especially manifest. Fifty years ago music was not understood of the people; it was to a very great extent ignored by the cultured classes, and by the leisured rich it was considered unworthy of the attention of an English gentleman. Mr. Gladstone, in his speech to our Welsh friends last month, which we print in another column, gives a graphic sketch of the state of music in the early part of our Queen's reign. This picture is now wonderfully altered, and in no department of human knowledge, during the last fifty years, has so great an advancement been made as in music culture. England to-day is a musical nation.

In the home life of our Queen, especially in the early years of her reign, music played an important part, and the changed standpoint from which music is now regarded by the cultured, the wealthy, and the masses, is in great part due to the impetus given by her to this most beautiful of all the arts. She has consistently and impartially encouraged musical talent; honours have been showered on musicians of our own land, and, without regard to nationality, foreign virtuosos, from Mendelssohn to Liszt, have all been welcomed by her.

The story of the advancement of any art is the record of the effort of those master minds which have been called to the front by their own genius and the energy of the age in which they have lived. Such men leave their impress on the world's life as the leaders and originators of the forces by which they themselves have been called forth. Looking back the past fifty years, many names stand out whose influence on the musical life of England has been most marked. We cannot here detail them. In the concert room, however, the work of musical culture has been largely accomplished by Hallé, Manns, and Ella; while for introducing music among the masses the names of Hullah and Curwen stand pre-eminent; and it is pleasant to think that in our schools of music, established under Royal patronage, there may now be training some genius whose light, flashing forth in the future, will still further advance the cause of music culture in England, and widen the influence of the art to which our Queen during her reign has given her beneficial and kindly support.

Staccato.

THERE is all the irony of Greek Tragedy in the following notice from *Le Ménestrel* of the 15th May:—

On the 12th inst. M. Steenackers, member for Haute Marne, called the attention of the House to the dangers to which the *personnel* of the Opéra-Comique would be subject in case of fire. "At present," he remarked, "the theatre of the Opéra-Comique has to accommodate a staff of 450 persons in a space of 266 square mètres, the same as in 1783. From this we must, moreover, deduct the space occupied by the scenery and properties. The narrow passages are crowded. In case of accident the danger would present itself under two aspects, each of which is equally alarming to contemplate. If fire were to break out when the whole company is on the stage, the *personnel* would find one winding stair their only means of escape. If it were to break out during an entr'acte when the artistes are in their rooms, the disaster would be terrible. The theatre has seven storeys in which the staff are more and more boxed up the higher they ascend, and these seven storeys communicate with each other by wooden stairs, 60 centimètres wide. . . . If such a calamity were to happen, we should not have to blame the Prefect of the Seine or the Prefect of Police. The danger has been pointed out in report after report. Of course, it is said that the public would not run any risk; but the staff would be sacrificed, and the latter do not come to amuse themselves but to earn their daily bread."

WITH the catastrophe of the 25th of May in our minds, these words strike us like the calm meditations of *Œdipus* the King before the storm of Fate burst upon his head.

It was the graceful music of *Mignon* which the cry of "Fire!" interrupted. The last notes heard within the walls of the Opéra-Comique were those of Ambroise Thomas, who throughout these seven-and-forty years had adorned it with his genius.

THE subject of fires in theatres has a literature of its own. It has, of course, been thoroughly investigated by the encyclopædic learning of Germany, and the chief authority is now Herr Fölsch, whose work "Theaterbrände" was published at Hamburg in 1878.

HERR FÖLSCH has collected statistics which show that the average life of a theatre does not exceed twenty-two years in Europe; while in the United States it only amounts to ten. In the fires which have taken place throughout the world since 1750, an annual average of 48 persons have perished. Until 1887 France had been happily free from those holocausts of human life which fascinate, while they terrify, the imagination. The total number of victims in France from 1763 to 1887 was not more than 41, but the present disaster has sent up the number to 125, making an average of 1.09.

THE most terrible fire on record is that which occurred at Canton in 1845. In this fire 1,670 persons lost their lives. One thousand persons

perished in the fire at Capo d'Istria in 1794, and the victims of the fire at the Ring Theatre in Vienna in 1841 reached the total of 1,100.

THEATRICAL reformers are again urging the use of the electric light. It was to have been adopted at the Opéra-Comique next season. Had it been adopted this season, the theatre might have been still standing.

IT was a graceful act of international courtesy for Mr. Nicols to offer the company of the Opéra-Comique the free use of the Empire Theatre. We should have given the company a hearty welcome, but M. Carvalho has duties which imperatively demand his presence in Paris.

OUR citizen-soldiers are being unmercifully chaffed. They are to parade in all their war-paint before Her Most Gracious Majesty on the 3rd of July—but their bands have received strict orders not to play until they are a quarter of a mile away from the Palace!

ITALIAN OPERA at popular prices in the month of June is not a success. The middle-class frequenters of the Monday Pops cannot be drawn to Her Majesty's. They prefer to scour the country roads on the matrimonial tandem.

BUT the Jubilee has for a season restored to Covent Garden and Drury Lane much of their ancient splendour. Albani and Gayarre at Covent Garden, or Minnie Hauk and de Reszke at Drury Lane, almost make us forget the skeleton that is ever present at the feast.

RECENT statistics showed that *Carmen* had become a dangerous rival to *Faust*. *Carmen* in its turn is now rivalled by *Lohengrin*. *Lohengrin* with Marie Roze and Barton McGuckin proved the most powerful attraction of the Carl Rosa Season. Albani as Elsa, and Gayarre as the Knight of the Swan, have drawn brilliant audiences to Covent Garden, and Mr. Harris has also included *Lohengrin* in his *répertoire*, entrusting the leading parts to Madame Kupfer-Berger and de Reszke.

It has been remarked that the English performances of *Lohengrin* were the most satisfactory from an artistic point of view. English is more akin to German than Italian, and English operatic singers have been trained in the new school of declamation.

MR. HARRIS'S *répertoire* is well selected. It is a fair index of the taste of the average opera-goer. Verdi is represented by *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Un Ballo, Rigoletto*, and *Aida*; Meyerbeer by *Dinorah*, *Roberto*, and *The Huguenots*; Mozart by *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*; Bellini by *Norma*; Donizetti by *Lucrezia Borgia*; Gounod by *Faust*; Bizet by *Carmen*; Boito by *Mefistofele*; and Wagner by *Lohengrin*.

THE new Wagner Museum in Vienna contains, besides Parsifal-cheese and a Lager-beer jug from an inn frequented by Wagner's admirers at Bayreuth, an unique collection (warranted

genuine) of Wagner's shirt-buttons. Is this not playing it rather low down?

THE young ladies of Béziers appear to be very forward. At a recent recital given by Francis Planté there was a struggle among his feminine admirers who should get the nearest. One muscular damsel hit straight out from the shoulder, and her discomfited rival retired sighing—

Two lovely black eyes !
Oh ! what a surprise !
Only for trying to get a front seat !
Two lovely black eyes !

THE Edinburgh students lately turned out in great force to see Miss Mary Anderson in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. At the situation where Galatea uplifts her hands to heaven and cries, "The gods will help me !" there came a stentorian shout from the gallery, "We will !"

INGENIOUS persons are always coming forward with new projects of taxation. Our own Chancellor of the Exchequer is periodically inundated with suggestions for the taxation of cats and bachelors. But it has been reserved for *la belle France* to propose the taxation of pianos. An unmusical member of the French House of Commons, M. Thevenot, has introduced a bill which provides that every piano shall pay an annual duty of 12 francs !

THE American papers are talking of Patti's visit in terms of scathing contempt. We reprint in another column a leader from the *New York Musical Courier* on the "Patti fiasco." And this is what the *Boston Evening Traveller* has to say :—

The absurdity and deceit of Patti's annual "farewell" progressions round the world, singing barren operas, utterly satisfied in a parrot's work, greedily selfish in exacting an enormous fee for what affords no possible compensation, should be brought to an end.

"MRS. PATTI" looks rather funny in print. This is how the diva is described in the *New York Musical Courier*, in which we also discover "Mrs. Albani" and "Mrs. Schumann," "Miss Therese Malten," and "Mrs. Marcella Sembrich." To us this appears to be a piece of affectation, but it is perhaps after all no worse than the assumption of the professional title "Madame" by a plain English "Mrs."

"His life has lingered where Music's golden tongue had lapped the milk of the gods, and it has been where humanity's sad music has inter-fused its influence." This is the San Francisco estimate of a native musician named "Kelley," who has written music to *Macbeth*. The New York papers pronounce him an imposition. Between East and West who shall decide?

CRITICISM out West may be slashing, but is not usually very profound. The Omaha *Excelsior* recently informed its readers that "Patti proved a wonderful success on Tuesday evening in New York, as Prosper Mérimée (*sic*!), the wild, wilful, and beautiful gipsy girl." Little did that worthy French Academician, Prosper Mérimée, think that he would ever get into the pages of the Omaha *Excelsior* by mistake for his own heroine Carmen.

A DEFICIT of £662 16s. 3d. is the result of the winter's orchestral campaign in Edinburgh. As the guarantors have had to make good £400 of this amount, it is not likely that the concerts will be continued next winter. It is the old story of vaulting ambition.

At the meeting of the guarantors, Mr. Albert Bach remarked that the Town Council ought to support the concerts. The Lord Provost, who was in the chair, pertinently asked what the ratepayers would say. "Not much," was the reply, which was naturally greeted with laughter.

THE inhabitants of Roveredo mix their music with their politics. Although situated in the Tyrol, Roveredo is practically an Italian town, and the inhabitants are Irredentists to a man. They recently had a fine chance of showing their Irredentism at a performance of *Mignon*. The first line of Mignon's song, "Knowest thou the land where the orange bloometh?" was the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration. A shower of marguerites—in allusion to the name of the Queen of Italy—fell on the stage, and a magnificent bouquet with ribbons in the Italian colours was handed to the astonished prima donna.

THE demonstration was renewed with increased vigour at the next performance. A third performance was announced, but the patience of the Austrian authorities was now exhausted. A strong hint was given to the director, and the patriotic demonstrators found, on arriving at the theatre, that *Mignon* had been withdrawn. Bizet's *Leila*, which was substituted, was, of course, unmercifully hissed.

THE piano difficulty is solved at last. The young lady who is learning "The Maiden's Prayer" need no longer drive to distraction the literary man poring over Kant's Critique on the floor below. M. Emile Mennesson, of Rheims, has invented an arrangement by which the sound of any piano can be reduced to a half. The poker may now cease from troubling, and the ceiling be at rest !

NATIONAL music is not going to be allowed to perish in Provence. At the celebration at Aix of the quatercentenary of the reunion of Provence with France, prizes are offered for the best Provençal songs. The celebration will, in fact, be a Provençal Eisteddfod.

THE Russian Geographical Society has deserved well of musicians. Last summer it sent a commission in search of national songs through the provinces of Olonetz, Archangel, and Wologda. The report now published shows that no fewer than 191 unknown melodies have been noted down from the lips of the peasants. Curiously, the Commission had great difficulty in inducing the peasants to sing, and they sometimes had to invoke the aid of the civil power !

THE professional mind in Rome is disturbed. The Anthropological Society wish to examine for anthropological purposes the remains of Rossini, but the Town Council of Florence has met their application to that effect with a snub. The application certainly appears unseemly enough, but it is urged that this treatment has already been applied to the remains of Dante, Petrarch, Ugo Foscolo, Volta, and other distinguished men, with a satisfactory scientific result.

OUR American cousins are disposed to let down *Ruddigore* very gently, witness the following notice in the *Boston Musical Record* :—

The failure of *Ruddigore* in the cities of the United States may by no means be taken as an indication of waning powers in either Gilbert or Sullivan. No author or composer makes a success with every work. The record of these *collaborateurs* is one of which any author and composer might well feel satisfied.

The Mikado is well over its 8,000th representation, and it will doubtless soon run up to 10,000. This is unprecedented in the history of the stage. According to statistics compiled by Mr. Edwards, Jules Verne's *Round the World in Eighty Days* comes next with 5,630 representations. Byron's *Our Boys* is a good third with 5,344. The figures for *Patience* are 5,160, 3,844 for Johann Strauss's *Fledermaus*, and 3,194 for Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*.

THERE is a Wagner "boom" in Germany. The *Nibelungen Ring* has been performed again at Dresden, and Leipzig is now giving a complete cycle of Wagner's operas, beginning with *Rienzi* and coming down to *Götterdämmerung*. Even lagging Berlin is going to produce *Rheingold* and *Götterdämmerung* next winter. Count Hochberg is having special steam apparatus executed for the manufacture of the necessary clouds !

THE directors of theatres in Germany are working their Association on the lines of a trades union. At the recent Congress in Eisenach it was decided to refuse all leave of absence from the 15th of September to the 15th of June, and to adhere to a fixed scale of salaries. Any manager transgressing these regulations is to pay a fine of £100 on pain of being boycotted. In this we trace the hand of Baron von Perfall, director of the Opera in Munich, whose address to the Association we summarised last March.

It is often said that Wagner's operas wear out the voice. Amalie Joachim at all events is not of this opinion. She writes as follows to the *Berlin Allgemeine Musik Zeitung* :

It is time that the silly talk about Wagner's operas ruining the voice should come to an end. I maintain, on the contrary, that singing in Wagner's operas saves and strengthens the voice. No composer so greatly assists the singer with the orchestra, which carries along the voice and emphasises and supports the dramatic expression. Gluck for example leaves the singer without any help from the orchestra at the most critical points in the action, and it is only a singer with exceptional physical powers that can do full justice to such a part as "Orpheus."

OUR lady-readers will understand that the following is not quoted as an example.

A testimonial was given to humorist John H. Clarke at the Union Tabernacle Church in West Thirty-fifth Street last evening. The feature of the entertainment was the appearance of Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the whistling soloist. Mrs. Shaw is a new musical celebrity, to whom whistling seems to be a natural gift. She puckered her lips slightly, and without effort whistled the "The Nightingale's Message," a song written especially for her, sending out notes of great volume and perfect time. The sound was sweet and pleasant, without the slightest shrillness, and she was warmly encored.

Musical Life in London.

CONSIDERING that, a year or two ago, Italian Opera seemed to be practically dead in London, the fact of there being last month three theatres in full activity with performances of Italian Opera is sufficiently surprising. I am inclined to think that the objectionable "star" system has worked out its own remedy ; and managers are now trying to give opera without paying ridiculously large salaries, but at the same time securing competent artists. I have some hopes that all this will turn out for the furtherance of art. At

Covent Garden Signor Lago commenced his season with "La Favorita," an opera with a gloomy and unpleasant plot, only relieved by one scene, where the tenor discovers that his bride has been the king's mistress, whereupon he breaks his sword and hurls it the king's feet. Madame Mei, an Italian singer of mature years, and presumably of considerable experience, represented the heroine with fair success, but she is of the type of "dramatic sopranos" more appreciated in Italy than in this country, and her voice is not distinguished by freshness. Fernando is one of Signor Gayarre's best parts, and his rendering of "Spirto Gentil," though its sentimentality was rather overdone, was really beautiful. And in the scene I have alluded to, where he repudiates his bride, Signor Gayarre's spirited acting produced the finest effect. Signor d'Andrade is not a great actor, but he possesses a magnificent voice and knows well how to use it; this he proved in the part of the King. The band, with Signor Bevigiani as conductor and Mr. Carrodus leading, maintained the traditions of Covent Garden, and—a welcome novelty—the chorus was really efficient, in fact the best that has been heard for many years in Italian Opera in England. Strange, that only now at last managers are awaking to the fact that a performance to be good must be good all round, and that even the chorus may be of some importance!

The next two operas at Covent Garden that I must notice are "Rigoletto" and "Dinorah," in both of which Miss Ella Russell, the American soprano, appeared. She has a beautiful voice of very extensive compass and singular sweetness, her acting is appropriate if not striking, and there can be no doubt of her having won the approval of our not very easily pleased London opera-goers. In "Rigoletto" M. Devoyod repeated the masterly impersonation of the Jester that he has given us before, and M. Figner, who took the part of the Duke at very short notice, acquitted himself with fair success. In "Dinorah," Meyerbeer's most melodious opera, Miss Russell sang with great taste—though, by the way, I have heard the "Shadow Song" given with greater effect, and her scale-passages are not as unvaryingly correct as might be wished. Signor d'Andrade was good as the surly Hoel, and sang "Sei vindicata" magnificently, and Signor Stagi, a new comer, did well in the ungrateful part of Correntino. The Goatherd, Hunter, and Mower, each of whom comes forward so oddly to sing a characteristic little song, were represented by Mdme. Scalchi and MM. Lorrain and Corsi.

Mdme. Albani has sung in "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Traviata," and never has she shown herself in fuller possession of her powers, and more magnificently accomplished both as singer and actress. If anything, her style is perhaps too uniformly energetic, and occasionally I find myself wishing for a little more repose of manner by way of contrast. Mdme. Cepeda has strengthened the position she held last year as a "dramatic soprano," and in "Lucrezia Borgia," as Ortrud in "Lohengrin," and as Amelia in "Un Ballo," she has shown great power, a singing voice of almost tireless strength, and artistic feeling of very notable kind. But, like so many artists, she is not always content with legitimate effects, and sadly spoils them by shouting. This was very apparent in "Lucrezia." In the scene where the antidote is given after the Duke has forced his wife to administer poison to her own son, Mdme. Cepeda and Signor Gayarré shouted until the sounds were those of most unvoiced screaming!

In "Un Ballo in Maschera" Mdme. Giulia

Valda (another American soprano), who had created a very favourable impression last year, reappeared as Oscar the Page. Although not the most important part, "Saper vorreste" and several other of the prettiest airs belong to it, and Mdme. Valda, looking charming as the boy, gained the greatest favour by her brilliant singing. Perhaps, however, the "hit" of the evening was Signor d'Andrade's singing of "Eri tu;" it is not too much to say that he rivalled in this the greatest singers of the past; his voice is of splendid resonance and beauty, and his vocalisation is, if not perfect, nearly always artistic. Mdme. Valda's next appearance was in "Ernani" as Elvira. In this, again, the purity and freshness of her voice and the cleverness of her singing created quite a *furor*. Signor Figner filled the title-rôle, and created a favourable impression by his sweet and tastefully managed tenor voice. In this opera the ever-useful Signor d'Andrade again took the rather ungrateful part of the King (operatic kings are nearly always tyrants or scoundrels), and Signor Campello with a fine basso-profundo was exceedingly good as Don Silva. The grand finale, "O Sommo Carlo," was magnificently sung, and had to be repeated.

From Covent Garden to Drury Lane is but a step across the road; and we must now pass on to Mr. Augustus Harris's long-talked-of Italian Opera, the first night of which was on June 13th with "Aida" as the chosen opera. Mr. Harris is a master of stage effect, but in this new venture he is exhibiting the higher qualities of the *impresario*, and while giving scenery, stage groupings, and dresses of almost undreamt of beauty and richness (the Egyptian scenes and long procession in "Aida" were a perfect banquet for the eye in this respect), he has secured a number of singers, of course of varying excellence, but all of more or less merit, and the band and chorus under his conductor, Signor Mancinelli—who has already proved himself exceptionally fitted for the post—have been carefully chosen, the band comprising some of the best artists in London. Mdme. Kupfer-Berger appeared as Aida; she is evidently an artist of real ability, though her voice is afflicted with the baneful vibrato. Mdme. Guerrina Fabbri (Amneris) has a powerful contralto voice, and the duet between the two, when Rhadames' love for Aida is discovered, produced a great effect. The pre-eminent success of the evening, however, was M. Jean de Reszke, the brother of the basso and himself at one time a baritone singer. But his voice is now a robust tenor of very fine quality; his singing, full of power, is never merely boisterous, and his acting, manly and unaffected, exactly suited the part. Signori Pandolfini, Miranda, and Navarrini very competently sustained the other characters, smaller, yet all of them important. Of the other operas of the week only a hurried review can be given. These included "La Traviata," with Mdme. Nordica as Violetta, Signor De Lucia, a tenor from Madrid with a pleasing light tenor voice, and Signor Del Puente, often heard in opera in London before; Rigoletto with Signora Torresella, from the San Carlo at Naples, a Gilda of some though unequal merit, Signor Runcio as the Duke, and Signor Battistini admirable as the Jester. "Norma," with Mdme. Borelli, who failed to create a favourable impression; and "Don Giovanni," with that great artist, M. Maurel, as the Don, Mdme. Nordica being the Elvira, Mdme. Borelli Donna Anna, Mdme. Minnie Hauk Zerlina, Signor Navarrini Leporello, Signor Ciampi Massetto, and Signor De Lucia Ottavio—a very strong cast. The stage setting of every one of these operas was complete and picturesque à *merveille*.

Mr. Mapleson's short and abruptly closed season

at Her Majesty's was not noticeable for novelties, though one or two of the *debuts* introduced us to singers of real promise. Among these were Mdme. Jenny Broch, soprano; Signor Oxillia, tenor; Signor Abramoff, basso. Mdme. Trebelli's welcome reappearance as Siebel in Faust, and her performance in "Carmen" should be noticed, though it is with regret I must record that, charming in stage presence as she still is, her voice exhibits, especially in the higher notes, grievous proofs of the wear and tear of time.

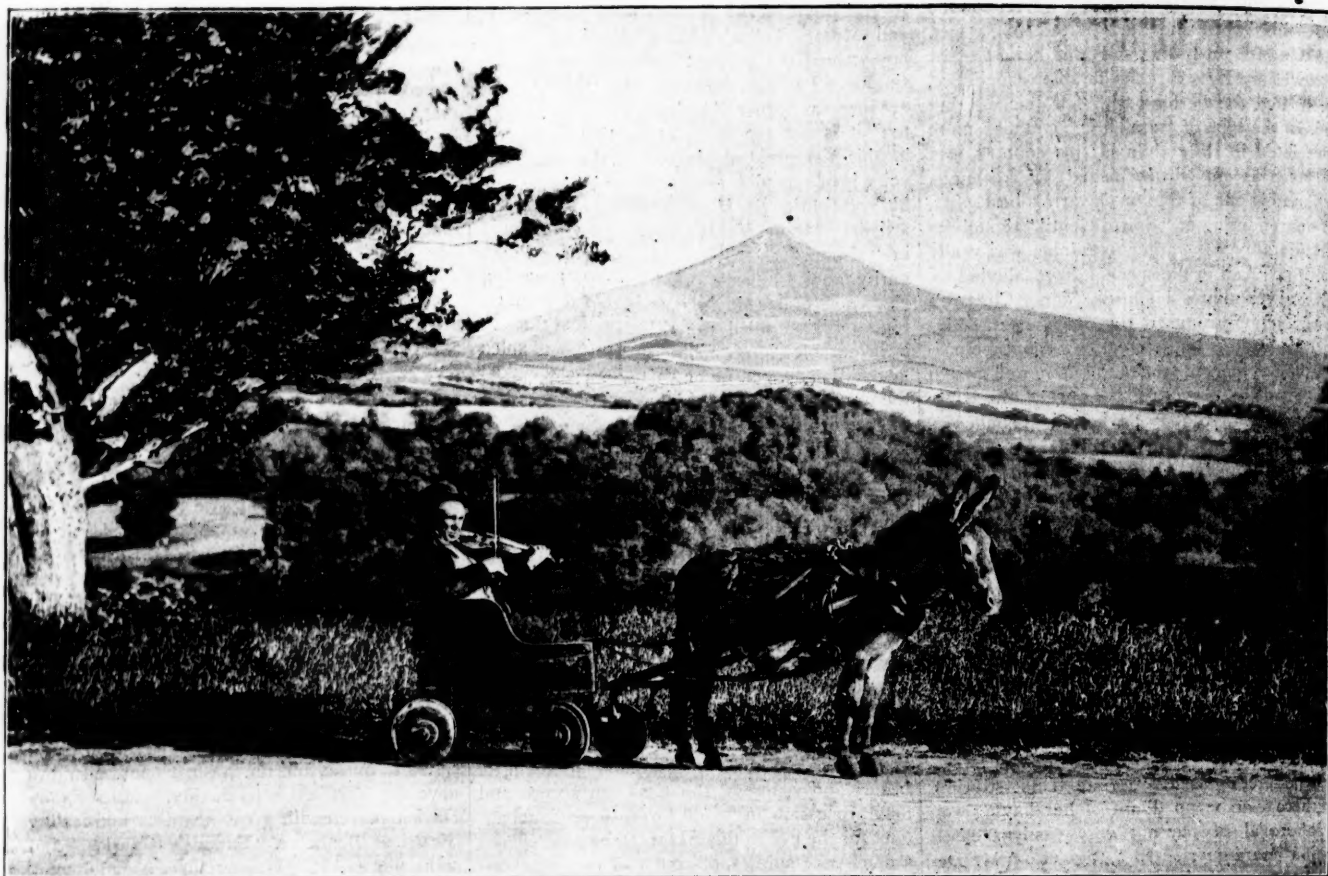
At the Philharmonic Concert on May 19th the principal novelty was Mr. F. C. Corder's "Roumanian Suite." It consists of a series of "tone pictures," to which the composer has imparted a flavour of local colouring derived from the "volkslieder" of the country, and this, with the charmingly clever orchestration, gave interest to a work which in itself is perhaps not of very permanent value. Mdme. Kleeberg played Beethoven's "Empëror" concerto, the one in E flat, with a clearness of rendering and beauty of expression that showed the marked progress this young lady has of late made in her art. Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony was played by the unrivalled band of these concerts in magnificent style. At the next concert the work that pleased me the most was Spohr's G minor symphony, one almost forgotten, but containing, in the lovely slow movement and the strikingly spirited finale, music that does not deserve to be lost. A new setting by Mr. Randegger of Byron's "Prayer to Nature" was finely sung by Mr. Lloyd, but the words do not well lend themselves to music, and the music cannot be said to have any distinct individuality. Miss Fanny Davies played with great neatness and feeling Sterndale Bennett's "Fantaisie Caprice," and short pieces by Schumann and Mendelssohn. Miss Ella Russell sang, but she appeared hardly to the same advantage in the concert-room as she does on the stage.

At the Bach concert, the last of the season, Berlioz's great "Te Deum" was given. It is practically impossible to execute this work under the conditions which the composer desired to impose: he requires three choirs placed in different portions of a church, and a multitude of singers and players, impossible to gather together in a concert-room. It is a stupendous work, and parts of it, such as "Tibi omnes" and "Te crederis," produce, even as rendered on this occasion, an impression little short of overpowering. At this concert a very fine and scholarly setting, by Dr. Hubert Parry, of Milton's Ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens," was received with great favour, and Mr. Lloyd sang Bach's beautiful air with chorus from Bach's Passion Music, "O grief now pants," with exquisite effect.

The Richter concerts of the last month have offered almost an *embarras de richesse*. At the first a symphony by a German composer, little known in this country, Brückner, was given. This is of very elaborate construction, and after a first hearing it is perhaps hardly fair to pronounce a positive judgment on it. Brückner is evidently deeply imbued with the ideas of Wagner; and, in fact, the Scherzo (probably purposely) introduces some themes strongly reminiscent of the great master. The Adagio, though of rather wearying length, struck me as the cleverest and most distinctly successful movement. At two subsequent concerts new symphonies by Dr. Parry and Mr. F. H. Cowen, were produced, but notices of these must be postponed to a future occasion. Suffice it to say that they worthily sustained and in fact added to the honour of the English school of music,—now happily accorded a high place, once denied it, in the concourse of European music.

J. J. B.

Old Tom of the Dargle.*



It was a sunny day in June. I had walked through the Dargle, and I stood for a moment on the sward above the top of the glen. Beneath me lay an amphitheatre of velvety turf. On the left was the entrance to the glen, marked by a copse of oaks, russet yellow and green. On the right lay a wide expanse of uplands bounded by a circle of blue hills. In front a grassy slope, gay with the golden gorse, led up to the steep cone of the Great Sugarloaf. Turning from this fair prospect toward the spire of the little church which peeped through the trees at Enniskerry, my ears were arrested with the unexpected sound of the scraping of catgut.

"Some beery old fiddler, I suppose. Why can't he leave the place to the majesty of Nature?" This was not a promising beginning, but, as I came nearer, I was somewhat mollified to hear one of my favourite tunes, "Nora Creina." That's not so bad after all. He plays with spirit, and keeps capital time." The minstrel proved to be a cheery-looking little man sitting in a donkey-cart, to which a well-groomed donkey was yoked.

"I like that tune you're playing. That's rather a peculiar note near the end!"

"It is, sir. The diminished seventh is used with great effect in Irish music."

I felt that the fiddler in the donkey-cart was bidding fair to take me out of my depths, so I hastened to remark that the same effect was used in Scotch music, where I was on firm ground.

* We owe this account of Old Tom of the Dargle to a member of our staff who has been over in Dublin on a holiday visit. The Dargle is a lovely valley in Co. Wicklow, about twelve miles distant from Dublin, and we may say that nowhere can a more pleasant holiday be spent than in this county, which has been named "The Garden of Ireland." Our illustration is from a photograph taken for the Magazine by Mr. Lawrence, Sackville Street, Dublin, so well known for his views of Irish scenery.

"Ah, you come from Scotland? Professor Blackie used to tell me that there was no music like the Scotch, except the Irish. You see the Scotch are Celts as well as the Irish. Now, sir, can you speak the Gaelic? You can't? Well, the Professor made me promise to ask every Scotchman this question, and if he said 'No,' to tell him to go home and learn the language of his country."

"That's Blackie all over. But how should I have learnt Gaelic? There's just about as much Gaelic talked in Edinburgh as Irish in Dublin. Now, can you speak Irish yourself?" Here the minstrel reverently took off his cap, and repeated in Irish the whole of the Lord's Prayer.

"I see there's no use trying to drive an Irishman into a corner. You seem to know the Professor well?"

"And so I ought, sir; many's the talk I've had with him. They come here from all parts—Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, and any quantity of Australians and Americans. I had a talk with General Grant's son the other day. I have seen a good many people in the twenty-two years I have been here."

"Twenty-two years! You must be very well known in the neighbourhood."

"You may say it, sir. There's not a man, woman, or child within five miles of the Dargle that doesn't know Old Tom. The people are all very kind to me, from peer to peasant. It was Lord Powerscourt that gave me this cart, and his children often come to take a ride on my donkey. I have a number of kind friends in England. People who are now my best friends often commenced by accosting me rather rudely, but they soon found out what kind of man I was."

Feeling rather guilty—that "beery old fiddler" stuck in my throat—I thought it best to change

the subject by suggesting some more music, and Old Tom at once struck up the "Cruiskeen Lawn."

"That's a fine old tune, sir, but I don't hold by the sentiment. I'm a teetotaler, although I'm called 'Old Tom.'"

Next came the "Irish Washerwoman." There was a twitching in my toes, and "St. Patrick's Day" brought me fairly on my feet. I am afraid my capers were not very like an Irish jig, but Old Tom was immensely pleased.

"That's it, sir; keep it up, sir. I sometimes have a hundred of them dancing like that; that's at the time of the Glasgow Fair, when the working men come over from Glasgow in crowds. You should see them crack their thumbs and 'hooch.'"

"And have you been on the spot all these two-and-twenty years?"

"Well, sir, I have moved about a little. I have been as far north as the Giant's Causeway, and I once went all over the County Kilkenny. My fiddle won me a welcome wherever I went, in the poor man's cottage and the rich man's hall. Once I played at a wedding with nine other fiddlers and three pipers. That was a lively night."

"So you have been a wandering minstrel? That was all that Homer was; only you should have had the harp."

"Ah, sir! the harp was the instrument of Ireland, but that was in the good old days. You have seen the harp of Brian Boru in the library at Trinity College? It's Campbell's Presentation Melodeon that you'll see in the hands of his descendants to-day:—

'The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.'

But I mustn't get melancholy. Things are

better now than they were two-and-twenty years ago. Music was then almost entirely neglected in Ireland. But there has been a revival. We haven't got many of our old harps and bagpipes, but we are taking to the Sassenach brass bands instead. We have a good many Nationalist bands. You remember the band at Millstreet that sat up all night to learn 'God Save the Queen'—to play it when Lord Aberdeen was passing that place on his way to Killarney? And there are lads in every village who can play the melodeon. But the melodeon is a poor sort of instrument, and they don't always play as good music as I could wish. A lot of it comes from those places in London where the people drink and smoke and listen to low songs!"

"You mean the music halls? They are a public pest; we are fighting them tooth and nail. You may have heard that the Queen opened a great palace in Whitechapel the other day for the working men of the East End of London. This is intended to counteract the music halls. We want the English people to become familiar with the ancient national airs of England, as well as with the best and highest developments of modern music."

"Sure, that's just what Old Tom wants to do in Wicklow. I want them to learn 'Nora Creina,' but I want them to know something about Handel and Haydn as well. It isn't much that lies in my power, but when I come across any one that wants some help in music, I do what little I can. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the lamented brother of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, used to say that the poorest peasant might know more of music's power than the richest peer."

"Are the children taught music in the national schools?"

"Indeed they are not, sir; and more's the pity. It would do a power of good to have some simple teaching in every school. One man might work half a dozen. They are all anxious to learn. You would be surprised now to hear that there are pianos in many of those white-washed cottages you see—there's one away up yonder on the side of the Sugarloaf. Now, why can't the Government do something to encourage music in the national schools as they do in England? It would be better than—but I won't talk politics. What I want to see is the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland all living together in harmony; and how are you going to have harmony without music?"

"You puzzle me there, Tom. Well, I must be going. The national music of Ireland is the finest in the world—even finer than the Scotch—and we have lately got from Ireland a number of our best singers and our most original composers. You have a fine soil, and I hope you will one day have a rich musical harvest."

"Our music is like the city that lies buried beneath the waters of Lough Neagh. The glorious past is gone beyond recall, but we look forward in hope to a still more glorious future. Good-bye, sir. Tell your friends in England and Scotland that, if they come over to the Dargle, they won't find men with blunderbuses lying in wait for them behind every hedge, and if they care to have a chat with Old Tom, sure they're welcome."

I turned, and as I walked slowly down the glen I heard the strains of that glorious march, "Let Erin remember the days of old"—Tom was still thinking of the city buried beneath the waters of Lough Neagh.

"By Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

"Thus shall mem'ry often in dreams sublime
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And sighing look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover."

Georges Bizet.

THE circumstances attending the revival of "Leila" have excited a general interest in the career of Georges Bizet. It is a posthumous reputation which the composer of "Carmen" has enjoyed. He died before "Carmen" had fairly struck root, within two months of the date on which it was produced. He had not in his short life achieved any great success. A *succès d'estime* was about the most he ever got, and even this was denied to his first work "Leila," for which the fame of "Carmen" has at last won a fair hearing.

Bizet was twenty-five when "Leila" was produced. The story of the five-and-twenty years before 1863 is soon told. Born at Paris in 1838, Bizet entered the Conservatoire in 1848. Here he remained till he was nineteen, studying chiefly under the famous Halévy, who had previously been the teacher of Gounod. In 1857 he obtained the coveted Grand Prix which is annually offered by the Académie des Beaux Arts, and the next four years of his life were accordingly spent in Rome. The Grand Prix is surely the most useful scholarship ever founded—among the scholars previous to Bizet may be seen the names of Hérold, Halévy, Berlioz, Ambroise Thomas, and Gounod, and among the younger men on whom the scholarship has been conferred since 1857 we find MM. Guiraud, Paladilhe, Massenet, and Salvayre. Returning to Paris after the expiration of his scholarship, Bizet was not long in finding a theatre for the production of his first opera. "Leila" was performed in 1863 at the Théâtre-Lyrique, but poor Bizet's hopes were sadly disappointed. He was suspected of Wagnerianism, an offence which in a young man fresh from the land of melody merited a severe punishment!

Bizet did not lose heart. A *fiasco* at the outset was only what a young composer had to expect. The Parisians must be educated, and Bizet accordingly set about educating them—in five-finger exercises. Besides giving lessons, he wrote drawing-room songs and arranged dance-music. All this was necessary to keep up the normal supply of bread-and-butter. It was difficult under these circumstances to find time for composition. "It's enough to provoke a saint," he writes to his friend Galabert. "Here have I had to give up my beloved work for two whole days to write some wretched solos for the cornet." But he had got a symphony well on the stocks when in June, 1866, he received a commission to write "The Fair Maid of Perth," for the Théâtre-Lyrique. The opera was ready by the end of the year, at what cost the following extract from one of his letters will show.

I am regularly used up, and I really can't go on any longer. I have been forced to give up my symphony. When I have finished "The Fair Maid of Perth" I shall take up the symphony again, but I am afraid it will be too late for this winter. . . . Now, dear old boy, I am going to bed. I haven't had a wink of sleep for three nights, and I am getting rather black about the eyes. I have got to write some cheerful music to-morrow!

After the completion of "The Fair Maid of Perth" came twelve months of worry over its production. An effort was made to capture Nilsson, but without success. Finally the part of Catherine was entrusted to Mdlle. Devriès, and the opera was produced in December, 1867. The critics were polite, but not enthusiastic, and somehow it was not long before "The Fair Maid of Perth" disappeared from the bills at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Bizet now went on with his symphony, which he finished in the summer of 1868. It was performed under the title "Souve-

nirs de Rome" at M. Padeloup's concerts in the spring of 1869. Bizet seems to have been pleased with the measure of success which it obtained.

My symphony came off very well. First movement: a round of applause, a few "hushes," a second round, a hiss, a third round. Andante: a round of applause. Finale: great effect, three rounds of applause, "hushes," three or four hisses. On the whole, a success.

Bizet's circumstances were gradually getting easier. In 1869 he married the daughter of his old professor, Halévy. His next work was a delicate compliment to his wife. Halévy had left an unfinished opera, "Noah," which Bizet now undertook to complete. This opera, it may be remembered, was recently revived in Germany. Bizet was full of fresh schemes when the war of 1870 put an end to all artistic work. The following are Bizet's reflections in August, 1870:—

Alas! for our poor philosophy, our dreams of universal peace, of cosmopolitan brotherhood, of the union of mankind! In place of all this, tears, blood, mounds of human flesh, crimes without number, without end! I am moved with a profound sadness when I think of all these horrors. I remember that I am a Frenchman, but I cannot quite forget that I am a man. This war will cost humanity five hundred thousand souls. As for France, she will leave in it her all!

After the war Bizet devoted himself to that essentially French form of art, the *opéra comique*, and his work now began to tell. "Djamileh" (May, 1872) was not successful, but "l'Arlésienne" (September, 1872) attracted considerable attention. The orchestral interludes to this work, as also the overture "Patrie," became stock-pieces at classical concerts. Bizet was sowing the seed for the harvest which was to follow the production of "Carmen." The harvest came too late. "Carmen" was produced on the 3rd of March, 1875, and on the 31st June its composer was dead.

As a man, Bizet was frank and warm-hearted. Jealousy is popularly believed to be the besetting sin of musicians. Of this there was not a trace in Bizet's disposition. He was on terms of affectionate intimacy with most of the composers in Paris. His great friend was M. Ernest Guiraud, the composer of "Piccolino." They had been fellow-students at the Conservatoire, and we all know that there are no friends like old friends. They continually consulted each other about their compositions, sometimes even working at the same desk. Among other members of Bizet's circle of intimate friends may be mentioned Stephen Heller, and MM. Reyher, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns. We know from M. Galabert that nothing gave him greater delight than to point out to his friends beautiful passages in the works of other composers. It has often been said that musicians are mere specialists. If this be the rule, Bizet was certainly an exception. Many of the scanty hours of leisure in his busy life were devoted to the French classics, and he even took an interest in the study of philosophy. In short, as he says himself in a letter to M. Galabert, in which he admits his faults, he was always attracted by "the young, the sincere, the upright, the pure, the candid, the good, and the intelligent."

Bizet suffered from his supposed Wagnerianism throughout his career. Even as late as 1872 the critics, while allowing him, as he says, "inspiration, talent, &c., &c.," contended that he had spoiled all by subjecting himself to the influence of Wagner. The truth is that there is as much, or as little, Wagnerianism in "Carmen" as in "Leila." Bizet wrote in accordance with the conditions of modern art, and if this be Wagnerianism, Bizet was a Wagnerian. In our article on "Leila" we have indicated our opinion that the tendency of which Wagner is regarded as the representative is not one of Wagner's making, and it seems to us that Wagner has brought an excellent principle perilously near the verge of the grotesque. Bizet's style is modern, but he never forgot the good old-fashioned motto, "Without form, no style; without style, no art."

Bottesini and Papini.



THERE have been phenomenal instrumentalists during the century—Paganini, Liszt, Chopin, Ernst, Thalberg, Rubinstein, and Bottesini. By "phenomenal" we mean men who have either discovered new resources in their instrument, in addition to transcendent virtuosity, like Paganini, Liszt, and Bottesini, or been simply remarkable for an exceptional measure of sensibility and magnetic power, like Ernst, or who have invented new styles, like Thalberg and Chopin.

Many people have asked, What led Bottesini to select the contrabasso? Well, here is the past history of this extraordinary man, who has for nearly half a century been the despair of all double-bass players, and the musical wonder of two worlds.

Giovanni Bottesini, who until last year, for several years had not been heard in England, was the son of a worthy clarinet player. He was born at Crema. At the age of thirteen he sang as soprano-chorister in the Cathedral of Crema, and played the drum on week-days in the Communal Theatre. His admirable "attack" with the bow and delicate sense of accent may have been thus early acquired by the orchestral experiences of his boyhood. He next learned the violin.

"Pray, Signor Bottesini," we said to him the other day, "what made you give up the prince of solo instruments for so unwieldy a thing as the double bass?"

"Expediency, if not necessity, *mio caro amico*. There were two vacant places in the Communal

And here the great virtuoso stopped with a sort of characteristic and simple modesty. Gradually, in fact, he acquired a new world of sound in the upper register of harmonics, surprising to the connoisseur, whilst irresistibly attractive and fascinating to the general hearer.

"But," he said, "the harmonics are not everything. The difficulty which I have contended with is to join the two extremes of the instrument into an artistic whole, and combine my soft and flute-like treble through every conceivable intermediate stage or gradation with the great bass notes most characteristic of the instrument."

Signor Bottesini soon discovered that he had hit upon a mine of wealth and wonder. His first appearance as a soloist in Italy decided the question. To use his own phrase, "I then began to run, and I have been running ever since." He passed to Vienna, where his success was phenomenal. In Russia he excited the liveliest interest, and had a long conversation, after one of his performances at the palace, with the bewildered Emperor at St. Petersburg. He was received with great honour by Napoleon III., and has been decorated by most of the European Courts. He came to England first in 1848, and was engaged by the famous Monsieur Jullien, who never missed a good thing. He appeared also at the Philharmonic and at Willis's Rooms about the time the boy Joachim came over and created such a deep impression. But no soloist or singer seemed to "take" at any concert where Bottesini had to appear. The singularity of the man, his

Theatre—the bassoon's and the contrabasso's. I preferred the big fiddle, because I already knew some thing of the fiddle tribe; so I set to work to qualify myself for the position of contrabasso. Luigi Rossi, of the Milan Conservatoire, was my master, and I afterwards studied composition with Piantandea-Ray."

"And how did you first hit upon your *specialité* of harmonics, which enables you to conceal, as it were, a hundred nightingales in your marvellous 'Testore' bass?"

"O ho! that did not come all at once; one does not learn such things first, I can tell you. You must learn to play in every other style, and to do all that everyone else can do, and then by degrees—well, I added on a little until gradually"—

rather gaunt and cadaverous appearance (he has grown stouter with age), with a fiercely twirling moustache, his *sang-froid*, his absolute certainty in the execution of apparently impossible feats, his exquisite phrasing, magic-like softness and delicacy combined with a strapping vigour and masterful control of his instrument, gave Bottesini the *pas* of even famous rivals in other departments like Claus, Pleyel, Joachim, and many others who appeared about that time.

Bottesini is not only a phenomenal virtuoso, but a consummate musician, a skilful and fascinating *chef d'orchestre*, and a composer with a naturally rich vein of Italian melody, wedded to a profound musical science, and an exact knowledge of the orchestra.

Verdi wrote enthusiastically to him at Cairo, when his "Aida" was first produced under the great contrabasso's baton, and Bottesini's own operas, "Hero and Leander," the "Queen of Naples," &c., &c., have been produced in Italy and elsewhere with signal success. We are glad to say that a sacred choral work, entitled "Mount Olivet," is now in rehearsal for the Norwich Festival, and that the Sacred Harmonic Society have engaged Bottesini to conduct it in London next November.

This year the great soloist has reappeared at the Albert Hall, St. James's, &c., and been especially associated with the admirable Florentine violinist, Signor Guido Papini, with whom he is musically and photographically most fitly to be bracketed.

Signor Papini's popularity is now so firmly established in London that we regard him almost as a naturalised subject; he has, in fact, settled down amongst us. This graceful and consummate artist was born at Florence in 1847. Son of an Italian merchant and grandson of a distinguished physician, neither cash nor physic seemed to have attracted him. He has lived for art, and at the age of eleven began to apply himself seriously to the practice of the violin. From his first public appearance as a quartet player when little more than twelve years old, he attracted the attention of all the connoisseurs, became the leader of the Quartette Society at Florence, and then struck out into the world as a solo player. Passing through the Italian cities he was everywhere received with enthusiasm, and between 1865 and 1876 he visited most European capitals, appearing at the "Concerts Padeloup" in the Cirque d'Hiver at Paris with great applause. At Bordeaux he was received with enthusiasm, and after playing before the King of Portugal at Lisbon, he was decorated with the order of "Chevalier." It is to Professor Ella that we owe Papini's visit to England. He made his *début* at the Musical Union in 1874, and also played with great success at the Old and New Philharmonics. Afterwards he travelled with an Adelina Patti Company, and starred it throughout Ireland, Scotland, and England. On his return to London he found himself in so much request that he decided to live there, only quitting the metropolis for occasional concert tours.

Signor Papini unites to an Italian fervour and romance a strong classical instinct. He is a great player in every sense, and his consummate phrasing, delicacy of execution, lightness of touch, purity and sweetness of tone, and perfect intonation, have given him a first rank amongst the few *virtuosi* by which this musical nineteenth century will be remembered. The extraordinary duet which he is in the habit of playing with his friend Bottesini, in which both instruments *exploit* the harmonics in a most bewildering and delicious tonal combination, never fails to excite a *furor*, and on a recent occasion at St. James's Hall the concert was

brought to a standstill by the great artistes refusing absolutely to repeat their exploit, nor was order restored until the manager came on to the stage and assured the company that Signor Bottesini, after being recalled three times, had left the building.

Signor Papini is a voluminous composer. His Violin Manual, dedicated to the Duke of Edinburgh, is an admirable exercise book; and he has enriched the concert stock of violin compositions with a large number of Fantasias on operatic airs, as well as an immense and brilliant variety of "pieces d'occasion," and several violin concertos. The best known of his concert pieces are, perhaps, "Feu-Follé," "Nuit Etoilée," "A une Fleur," "Concerto in Re," "Les Abeilles," and "Sous les Lilas." He has also produced some fine trios and quartettes.

Signor Papini is not only great in the concert room, but charming as a companion, and his society is much sought after by an ever-increasing and enthusiastic art circle of amateurs, in whose sympathetic atmosphere he is ever good-naturedly prodigal of his talent.

Signor Papini is in his 40th year, and in the full maturity and plenitude of his virtuosity. Modest, amiable, and unassuming, he has no enemies, and scarce a rival.

My First Waltz.

WRITERS of fiction are so prone to misrepresent the early career of amateurs, both musical and literary, that the following plain and unvarnished statement of facts may perhaps prove instructive to many who contemplate embarking on the unknown sea, with an altogether erroneous idea of the difficulties and quicksands that await them.

I was one of this numerous class, and being of a musical temperament my first efforts naturally ran in that channel. What shape should my first composition assume? This was the first thought that met me. Why, what would be more likely to prove successful than a waltz, that everyone could whistle or sing; that should greet my ears at every step I took, that every band should play, and without which no ball programme would be complete? So a waltz I decided it should be, and several weeks were spent in the delicious throes of composition.

Finished thus far, the next thought that presented itself was this: "Supposing it contains some passage which a musician might object to, or the harmony be not altogether *en règle*, how shall I bear the fierce light of criticism that popularity necessarily entails?" To provide against this contingency, I thought it safer to obtain the opinion of a professional man. Glancing down a musical magazine, I had not long to look before such a one was discovered. The precious MS. then left my hands.

From that moment I felt another being. I had done what none of my companions had ever attempted. A feeling of superiority began to creep over me.

Then ensued a space of two or three weeks—weeks of suspense. My reviser was engaged on several works and would attend to my composition as soon as ever he was able.

What presumption to give priority of attention to the puerile attempts of others while such a composition as mine was ignominiously placed on one side!

Then a brilliant thought dawned upon me. The mere idea made my heart beat more violently than usual. No, I must not for one moment entertain such a preposterous thought. And yet, what was to prevent my doing what

others had done? Why should I not write to some famous actress and humbly beg her acceptance of the dedication? I would. I retired to my sanctum and made fast the door. My hand trembled as I wrote the fateful note. I felt as if I were perpetrating some deed for which justice must some day overtake me. I finished the letter with a feeling of relief and despatched the precious document. Not a soul must know of it. The most inviolable secrecy must be observed. Then followed a few more days of suspense. I thought of nothing during the day but this,—I dreamed of nothing by night—until—oh! what pen can reproduce the thrill that filled me! A letter awaited me; not an ordinary letter, but an unconventional letter. There was something about it that was different from any I had ever received. I grasped it as if it were a living friend, and not daring to peruse its hidden contents in public, I retired with it to my sanctum and with palpitating heart I broke the seal. No! it could not be! My eyes must be deceiving me. Here was a letter from one of England's greatest actresses, written to me in her own hand, accepting the dedication—yes, and thanking me for the honour I had conferred on her.

But stay, what is this? Her photo. Yes, this great luminary had actually sent me her photo, and I was to call the waltz by its name. My brain began to swim. I was going mad with excitement. I told all my friends. I proudly showed the letter and its precious contents. They envied me. They idolised me. I was great. I would have her photo on the title-page I should rival every waltz that has been written. My future would be speedily made. Already golden visions appeared before me.

Then followed the work of publishing. With fearful reluctance I relinquished my autograph photo to the lithographers. I parted with it with feelings of mistrust and remorse. But still my waltz was in the hands of the printers. A few days more, and I should receive the proofs, should see my name blazed forth to the world! What a stir there would be in the musical world when my new publication appeared.

A few more weeks passed by. The proof sheets arrived, were corrected, and returned, an urgent letter accompanying them, begging the publishers to use every effort to prevent delay.

Oh! those dilatory printers. Oh! the aggravation and wretchedness of the delay that occurred before my precious composition arrived. Yet all things have an end, and at last I received my first consignment.

I had ordered one hundred for my own private use and for my friends; and I triumphantly begged their acceptance of a copy of my waltz dedicated to the illustrious lady whose photo appeared on the title-page.

Oh, what a sale awaited it! How every shop window would be filled with copies! How my friends would point to me as its author!

I should not be able to hear a band, but my waltz would be on its programme. Every street organ would be enriched by its melodies.

Then followed a series of correspondence, prosaic correspondence and interviews.

"How many would I have for a first edition?"

"Well, a thousand, I should think, for a start."

I saw a half-suppressed smile on the publisher's face. What did he mean? I could have annihilated that publisher. But still I would be guided by his judgment. I did not for one moment wish him to think this was my first musical effort. I would have another hundred printed off directly and authorise him to send out fifty copies for review.

Then a few more weeks elapsed, and I wrote to order another edition of 200 copies. I advertised it every day for weeks in the *Daily Tele-*

graph and other papers. I bought copies of the papers merely to see my advertisement and gloat over it. My friends drew my attention to it. The local shop windows exhibited it. I was congratulated and lionised on all hands, and had only to sit down and await the golden harvest.

Then more weeks went by. How was it I had not heard from town? Were they printing off copies to meet the demand, and should I soon be made acquainted with the enormous sale it had commanded?

Then there gradually arrived something of a change in my feelings. I became alarmed at the expense of the advertisements. I began to calculate on the copies that must be sold to pay this alone. Then followed the bill for publishing; then for revision; till the amount began to swell very considerably and my pocket to shrink correspondingly.

Still no news from the publishers. But stay, here was a letter. I hurriedly broke it open. Who knows what its contents might be?

"Dear Sir,—We have had an order from a firm in the country for 200 (!) copies of your waltz at 4d. per copy. Please say if we shall accept this offer. We may add that these are our usual terms."

Fourpence a copy! The price seemed absurd; but I was getting desperate, therefore I wrote them to accept the generous offer, and then week after week went by.

Alas! I was bound to confess after all that my waltz had proved a failure. I walked down Regent Street and Oxford Street, but not a solitary copy met my eye. I indignantly complained to the publishers, but was mildly informed that all these shops belong to publishers who would not dream of exhibiting any compositions but those over which they had the sole right.

Only a few papers to which copies were sent for review had even acknowledged them. Only now and then I culled a favourable notice which for a time lighted up the flickering embers of my ambition.

Then months went on, and I was eventually brought face to face with the indisputable fact that, instead of success, blank failure had been my lot, and this not so much because of any want of merit in my composition, which I have been honestly assured is equal and superior to many which have proved popular successes; but because, deluded by the false hopes held out by many writers, I had embarked on an undertaking without counting the cost beforehand, and had attempted that most fallacious of all methods—to bring out my own composition at my own risk and expense.

But stay! here is a letter from the publishers* to hand while I am penning the very words. Perhaps I have been too premature in my remarks after all. False hope. The letter contains, not the long-looked-for cheque, but instead, a bill for the second edition with a polite request that the amount may be remitted! And now let me sit down and reckon up the cost:—

	£	s.	d.
Publishers, for 200 copies of waltz and chromo.			
Lithographed title-page	12	0	0
Revision, correcting proofs, &c. .. .	4	0	0
Advertising	0	0	0
Second edition of 200 copies .. .	4	0	0
Printing circulars &c. .. .	1	0	0
Deduct for copies sold	27	0	0
Leaving a total loss of	125	0	0

Reader, this is no fictitious statement, but a fact, and may help to dispel the *couleur de rose* that is often supposed to illuminate such early efforts, and I trust prove a warning to all musical aspirants to think several times before they risk their money on a speculation which is certain to result in nothing but pecuniary loss and mortification.

The Opéra-Comique.

Habent sua fata theatra.



VIEW—INTERIOR OF OPERA-HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.

THE Opéra-Comique, which on the 25th of May was reduced to the state depicted in our illustration, was pre-eminently the national theatre of France. Since 1848 *le Prophète* and *l'Africain* are almost the only works produced at the Grand Opéra which have won an European reputation. The building which has now fallen a prey to the last enemy of all theatres, has witnessed the production of a stream of famous operas, which commenced in 1841 with *The Crown Diamonds*, and has since included *l'Etoile au Nord*, *Dinorah*, *Mignon*, *Carmen*, *Lakmé*, and *Manon*. It was built in 1840, and has since then been occupied continuously by companies playing *opéra comique*; that is, opera not necessarily comic, but light in form, and containing spoken dialogue. A theatre on the same site had existed from 1783 to 1838, when it was destroyed by fire. Since 1801 *opéra comique* had been housed elsewhere, but it was for this form of dramatic art that the theatre was opened in 1783, and for nearly twenty years (1783—1801) *opéra comique* held possession of its stage.

Strange to say, it was an apprehension of fire that led to the erection of the Opéra-Comique. In 1781 a fire had occurred at the Opéra, and the Government decided that the company which had been playing *opéra comique* since 1762 in the Rue Mauconseil in the vicinity of the Halles, should remove to a less crowded neighbourhood. A site was found in the gardens of the Duc de Choiseul in the Rue Favart, and in two years the new theatre was ready. It was opened in April, 1783, with an appropriate piece entitled *Thalia at the New Theatre*, the music of which was written by Grétry. The first year saw the production of

After 1791 the theatre in the Rue Favart had to struggle with the competition of another theatre for the performance of *opéra comique*—the Théâtre Feydeau; and in 1801 the failure of both companies led to a coalition. The Théâtre Feydeau was selected by the coalition company, and the old home of *opéra comique* knew it no more.

From 1801 to 1838, when it was burned down, the Théâtre Favart, as it was now called, had a chequered history. It was occupied from 1801 to 1805 by an Italian Opera Company who gave the works of Cimarosa, Sarti, Guglielmi, and Pa siello. From 1805 it remained empty until 1815, when it was taken by the famous Catalani for Italian Opera. It was the time of Rossini's early triumphs in Italy, and *l'Italiana in Algeri* was performed here in 1817 with Morandi and Pasta in the principal parts. Catalani gave up her enterprise in 1818, and the theatre was then again vacated. After temporarily accommodating the Grand Opéra in 1820 and 1821, it remained closed until 1825. From 1825 onwards it was occupied by the Italian Opera, first under Paër, and after 1830 under Robert and Severini with Rossini as musical

Grétry's chef-d'œuvre, *l'Épreuve villageoise*, and *Richard Cœur de Lion* was brought out in 1784. Grétry was the chief of a circle of composers who poured out new operas in almost reckless profusion. Almost every month saw some new work produced, and at no time was greater activity shown than during the Reign of Terror. Méhul's *Stratonice* and Cherubini's *Lodoiska* were produced here in 1791. Dalayrac, the author of *Nina*, and Berton, the author of *Montano et Stéphanie*, were among Grétry's colleagues in this flourishing school of opera, and in 1800 Boieldieu's *Benowski* gave him a place in their number. We read with astonishment of the facility of these composers. Méhul wrote twenty-four operas in seventeen years, and Grétry, Dalayrac, and Berton were equally prolific.

Since 1801 *opéra comique* had twice changed its abode and was now inconveniently housed. The chance of a new theatre was too good to miss, and in 1840 the national opera was re-installed on the spot consecrated by the genius of Grétry and Méhul.

The history of *opéra comique* in these thirty-nine years had been brilliant. Boieldieu wrote *Jean de Paris* in 1812, and 1825 saw the production of *la Dame blanche*, a work which has since been performed by the Opéra Comique about 1,400 times. Hérold produced *Zampa* in 1831 and *le Pré aux Clercs* in 1832. *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* came from the pen of Adam in 1835. Auber brought out *le Maçon* in 1825, *Fra Diavolo* in 1830, *le Cheval de Bronze* in 1835, and *le Domino noir* in 1837. The history of *opéra comique* from 1840 onwards was to be still more striking. Auber continued to write for thirty years. On the boards of the Opéra-Comique were produced *The Crown Diamonds* (1841), *la Sirène*, *Haydée* (1847), *Marco Spada*, and *le Rêve d'Amour* (December, 1869), his last work, written only a few months before his death. In the forties were produced Adam's *Giselle*, Halévy's *le Val d'Andorre*, and Clapisson's *Gibby la Cornemuse*. Meyerbeer came in the fifties to challenge his adopted countrymen on their own ground with *l'Etoile du Nord* and *Dinorah*. About the same time appeared Reber's *le Père Gaillard*, Victor Massé's *la Reine Topaze*, and Félicien David's *Lalla Roukh*. Curiously, Gounod did not adopt the form of *opéra comique* until his old age. *Faus* and *Mireille* were produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique, but in 1877 Gounod enrolled himself among the contributors to the national theatre with *Cinq-Mars*. Ambroise Thomas may be regarded as the veteran of the Opéra-Comique. His career, which commenced in 1837, covers the whole history of the building now destroyed. Here he produced *le Caid* in 1849, *Midsummer Night's Dream* in 1850, *Raymond* in 1851, and his chef-d'œuvre *Mignon* in 1866. *Gille et Gillotin* appeared in 1874, although since 1871 his duties as Director of the Conservatoire have left him but little leisure for the composition of operas. There have been no signs of decadence in late years. The period since the war of 1870 has been fruitful in new composers. *Carmen*, *Lakmé*, and *Manon* are some of the operas which we owe to these new men. Bizet, alas, is dead. But Massenet, Léo Delibes, Saint-Saëns, Joncières, Guiraud, Poise, and Widor still uphold the traditions of the national school. May the new Opéra-Comique rise like the Phoenix from the ashes of the past to a yet more brilliant future!

director. These were the palmy days of Italian Opera. Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Mercadante were at their best, and their music was sung by Malibran and Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. The theatre in the Rue Favart had now lived fifty-five years, and it went the way of all theatres on the night of the 14th of January, 1838, at the close of a performance of *Don Giovanni*.

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CONFLAGRATION OF THE OPERA-COMIQUE—STREET SCENE.

A Second Mozart.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

"WHAT! another juvenile phenomenon!" is the general exclamation. "Do we not suffer enough already from musical adults? We are tired of juvenile phenomena." Not so fast, my sceptical friends! Don't be so premature with your judgment. Don't throw up the sponge too soon. You have been disappointed before, but try again. It's only another two-hours' recital after all, and this time we fancy you will have your reward.

Now we are waiting, all curiosity. We know the little hero's portrait, and we are eager to see him in the flesh. If only the brilliant reports which have preceded him from the Continent should prove true!

There he is, a dear little fellow hardly as tall as the Bechstein grand; not, as you might expect, a pale, thin-faced, shy-looking child, but with cheeks as round as a ball. He steps forward smartly, and makes a confident little bow. A smile plays upon his face, which tells us at once that he is at all events no hothouse plant. All this looks like nature fresh from the hand of its Creator. The awkward hand of man has not been meddling here, trying to improve upon the handiwork of God.

Now the little fellow begins to play. We soon find that we have a genius to deal with; even the most confirmed sceptic must dismount his hobby of scepticism for the nonce.

When Josef Hofmann paid his first visit to Berlin last November, a universal "Ah!" ran through the hall at his appearance on the platform. Everybody at once thought of the child Mozart as we know him from pictures and descriptions. The points of resemblance are indeed striking. Mozart was six years old when he gave his first concert, and it was at the same age that Josef Hofmann first stepped on the platform which has proved to many before his day, and will prove to many that come after him, a source of transports of joy or of pangs of sorrow. If only our little Hofmann had a powdered wig and a sword, we should see the very picture of Mozart as he stood in the flesh more than a hundred years ago. Mozart, who was kissed and petted by queens and princesses, valued the praise of women more than the praise of men: praise from female lips is sunshine for Josef Hofmann. Mozart was a composer at six; Josef Hofmann began to write at the same age, and it will hardly be believed that our little nine-year-old pianist has already reached Opus 56. Little Mozart, after once hearing the "Miserere" of Allegri at Rome, wrote it all out from memory; Josef Hofmann is able to play over the most difficult pieces after a single hearing.

The child is certainly in excellent hands as far as his education, intellectual as well as musical, is concerned. His teacher is his father, Casimir Hofmann, a Professor at the Conservatoire in Warsaw. It was at Warsaw that young Hofmann, who was born on the 20th of June, 1877, at Cracow, received his education. His father's system was evidently not based on blows, for it needs a merry

heart to be so fresh and natural as Josef Hofmann.

How does young Hofmann play? His playing must be heard to be believed. Of course, to play well, the pianist must have a good seat, and it is here little Josef's difficulties begin. In the first place, he is too small to reach the pedals, and to meet this difficulty the pedals have been fitted with a special arrangement, which enables his little legs to use them if he cannot reach them. In the second place, his hands are so tiny that he is unable to stretch an octave. In this respect he differs from Mozart, who had very long fingers. But these limitations only affect his *technique*. They do not, of course, interfere with his expression. This is the feature in Josef Hofmann which so astonishes the hearer, and makes him ask if this can be a child. Is it possible that in this childish body a soul is already developed which can give forth such poetry? Now and then we come across phenomenal children who possess



anfequally marvellous *technique*, but in expression they all fail.

What is going on in that little head when the fingers are running over the keys? To play with feeling demands an experience of life with its alternations of joy and sorrow. Of the latter Josef Hofmann, unless his looks belie him, can have known next to nothing. Can it be that when he plays, little Josef leaves his years behind him, to become a child again when he has done? Or is he a child pure and simple? At all events his attention is easily distracted by the most trivial object—a fly, a flower, or a pretty feather. The same thing is said of Mozart, who once jumped up from his piano-stool in the middle of a piece, and ran up to a little girl who came into the room with a doll.

At his first concert I heard Josef Hofmann play with his father in two duets for two pianos, the first by Kalkbrenner, the second the arrangement of Weber's Polacca by Liszt. In both the little pianist showed an extraordinary firmness of touch. Every rhythmical beat was brought out with the most admirable precision; and in passages which demanded a display of power,

the little hands swooped down upon the keyboard like hammers, and the instrument resounded as if it were struck by the hands of a full-grown man. There were no wrong notes, but I should just like to warn little Josef against a tendency to exaggeration in tempo. This was particularly noticeable in the Polacca and the Chopin music. A charming performance, full of poetry and perfect delicacy, was his rendering of Rameau's Variations.

In his compositions we cannot at present detect any individuality. Why should we? Are there not enough good composers to serve little Josef in the meantime as models. What I heard seemed to be chiefly based on Chopin, while it was also influenced by Mendelssohn. Enough that little Josef's compositions are elegantly conceived and free from all triviality. What pleased me best was a charming souvenir which could not have spoken more distinctly if it had been in words.

In conclusion I may mention his improvisations, which seem almost incredible. Here he performed the same wonderful feats as at Berlin, where he improvised on an eight-bar Thema set him by Moritz Moszkowski. On hearing this improvisation, Rubinstein declared him to be the wonder of the age.

Let us hope that the child may soon enjoy the complete repose necessary for the further development of his genius; that he may be removed from the exciting glitter of the concert-room to foster in calm seclusion the spark of genius which God has implanted in his heart. Let us hope that this is no transient meteor to gladden the earth for a moment and pass into obscurity, but that the story of more than a hundred years ago may repeat itself, and Josef Hofmann grow into a composer such as was Mozart—he will find the work ready to his hands.

CARL BERNHARD.

Fragmento.

Blue is the sea, with mirroring the sky;
Green, as it meets the earth;
Purple with clouds that o'er it float or fly;
Golden with sunshine's mirth:

Grey with the shadows broad and deep that fall,
When stormy passion gathers over all.

Pale hangs the moon, a roseleaf in the sky,
Saint-like, unheeded, while her lord is nigh;
But as he vanishes awhile from sight,
She, ardent worshipper, reflects his light:
Absorbed in gazing, she attracts our gaze,
Wistfully dwelling in the sunless ways.

The spirit of the wild wood violet
Is in the air, the fragile snowdrop, too,
So tender, pure, and innocently bold,
Dares wind and rain in its sweet lowliness.
The primrose, open-eyed, looks up and sees
The sun in every blue rift of the clouds,
Parted before the joyous, hopeful wind;
And mortals listen to the symphony,
Dear and familiar, yet for ever new,
Of heavenly beauty, in the earthly spring.

M. S. W.

Leila; or, the Pearl Fishers.*



LES PÊCHEURS DE PERLES was the first fruits of Bizet's genius, written when he was studying at Rome as the holder of the Grand Prix from the French Académie. Produced at Paris in 1863, it proved a failure. The critics raised the cry of "Wagnerian," which usually produces much the same effect in Paris as the cry of "Welsher" on an English race-course. For more than twenty years the score lay forgotten on Messrs. Choudens' shelves. Meanwhile Bizet wrote "Carmen," and it is to the extraordinary success of "Carmen" that we owe the revival of "The Pearl Fishers." In the spring of last year it occurred to the manager of La Scala that the public which so greatly admired "Carmen" in 1886, might well reverse the verdict passed upon "The Pearl Fishers" in 1863. He proved to be in the right. The verdict of Paris was reversed by Milan, and the opera was equally well received in London when Mr. Mapleson introduced it to us at Covent Garden under the name of "Leila" last April.

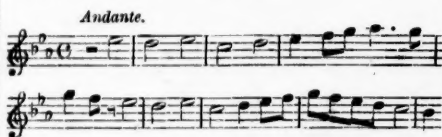
ACT I.



As the curtain rises, we see a troop of nautch-girls dancing on the shore of a lovely bay in Ceylon. The bystanders are pearl-fishers, who are to commence their fishing to-morrow, and the dance of the nautch-girls is meant to drive away any evil spirit which may blight their success. The dance is interrupted for the election of a chief, who is to hold absolute sway during the fishing season. The choice falls on Zurga, and his first act as chief is to welcome in the name of the band his friend Nadir, who has returned from a long absence in a hunting expedition in the forest. The friends are left

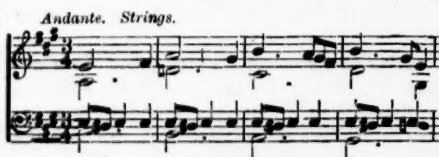
* Les Pêcheurs de Perles. Par Georges Bizet. Paris. Choudens père et fils, Boulevard des Capucines.

alone. We learn that their friendship was once shaken by a stronger passion. Both were once moved with a passion for a beautiful priestess whom they saw in a temple at the gates of Kandy, but they sacrificed love to friendship and took a common oath of renunciation.



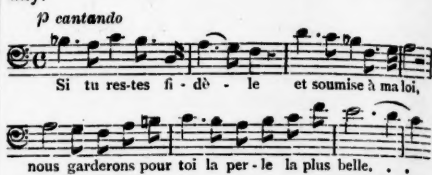
This sweet melody is played by the wind with harp accompaniment, while in broken phrases Nadir and Zurga recall the vision of the priestess, standing in all her beauty with arms outstretched to heaven before the crowd of kneeling worshippers. For a moment the melody is interrupted by a sudden rush of passion, but its smooth flow is resumed when friendship again prevails, and the duet ends with a renewal of the oath of renunciation. This situation is the key to the plot, and the theme connected with it is frequently repeated at critical moments in the action.

A boat is seen far across the bay. The crowd rush to the beach, breathless with excitement. Every year the elders of the tribe are sent to a distant part of the country to choose a beautiful virgin. This virgin must dwell apart in a ruined temple, seeking by song and prayer to propitiate the favour of Brahma for their fishing. And now the elders are returning, bringing with them the virgin on whom so much depends.



The boat approaches, the accompaniment indicating the measured beat of the oars. As it

touches the shore, we hear the theme of Nadir and Zurga's duet. The virgin is no other than Leila, the priestess whom both had loved! But her face is hidden by a long white veil, and as yet neither Nadir nor Zurga recognises the object of his passion. She advances, and the women welcome her in a graceful chorus, scattering flowers at her feet. Zurga, as chief of the band, now recites the terms of her vow. She must remain in veiled seclusion, without a friend, without a lover, praying to Brahma night and day.



If she be true to her vow, the finest pearl of the season shall be her reward. But if she fall into the snares of love, her penalty is death. Again the strings give out *tremolando*, the theme which forms the expression of Nadir and Zurga's common passion. Leila recognises Nadir with a start, and we know at once that she loves him. Zurga observes her agitation, and urges her to draw back if her courage is not equal to the task. But Leila's purpose is not shaken; come what may, she will not flinch. The vow is repeated. Nourabad, the priest of Brahma, steps forward, and, with hands uplifted, all unite in solemn prayer. He then takes Leila by the hand, and she slowly ascends the steps and disappears inside the ruined temple.

The crowd withdraw. Nadir alone remains. The voice of the veiled virgin has strangely disturbed him. His heart is aglow with the fire of passion. He had not told Zurga all. False to his oath of renunciation, he had returned to the temple by the gates of Kandy, and again sought the beautiful priestess.



Leila reappears. She sings from the steps a chant to Brahma, which is taken up by a chorus on the beach below. The now familiar theme of the great duet is repeated. Nadir has recognised her! He cries that he is there to defend her against all peril, and she takes comfort in the knowledge that he is near. She resumes her song in brilliant *rondeaux*, and the chorus are encouraging her to continue, when the curtain falls.



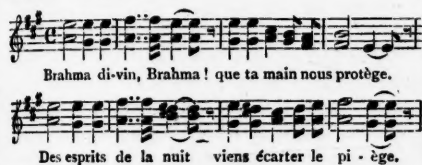
ACT II.

We are now inside the ruined temple. Outside the chorus are singing a rhythmic chant, accompanied only by the castanets. It is night, and Leila is restless and anxious. As yet Nourabad is with her, but she must now be left in solitude, and, after a few words of sympathy, Nourabad withdraws. She is alone, yet not alone, for Nadir is near. In a beautiful scene she pictures him hiding in the deep shade of the palms to watch over and protect her.



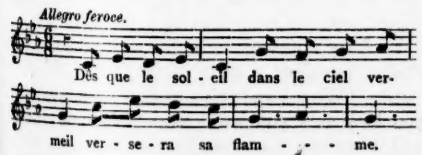
A voice is heard in the distance. The voice

approaches. It is Nadir! Love has guided his footsteps up the wall of rock which overhangs the sea. Leila entreats him to go back. It were death for both to be surprised. But love triumphs over reason, and in a noble duet the lovers avow their passion. Nadir then turns to go, but it is too late. Nourabad has witnessed the scene, and at his shouts the crowd rush up. The lightning flashes and the thunder rolls. When Nourabad tells them that the storm is the sign of the wrath of Brahma at the sacrilegious love of Leila and Nadir, their fury knows no bounds. They rush upon the trembling pair with drawn knives. But Zurga will not leave his friend to perish. He commands them to desist, and they yield a grudging obedience. And now he urges the lovers to fly. Away! away! there's danger in delay. Again we hear the theme of the great duet. What does it portend? Nourabad comes forward. The veiled virgin must not depart as she came. In the name of that Brahma whom she has outraged, Nourabad tears the veil from her face. There is a fierce cry of maddened passion. Zurga recognises the priestess whom Nadir, like him, had sworn to renounce. There is no flight for the lovers now. In his jealous fury Zurga would kill them with his own hand. But Nourabad interposes. It is Brahma who must be avenged. The guilty pair must die by fire at the rising of the sun. Thus may the wrath of Heaven be appeased. The prayer to Brahma is repeated, and the curtain falls.

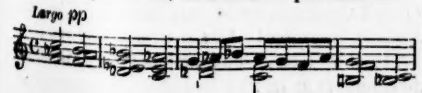


ACT III.

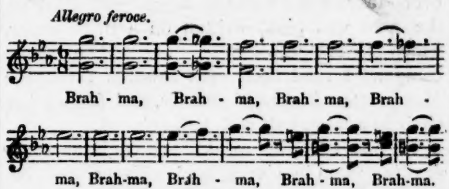
Zurga is alone in his hut. He is stricken with remorse. Nadir was his friend, and Leila he loved; he has doomed them to a dreadful death. The theme of the great duet now falls softly and sweetly upon the ears. It is Leila, pinioned and led by her guards. Her prayers are unavailing, for at her sight the flames of passion rekindle in Zurga's breast. Love that is scorned soon turns to hate. She begs for mercy on her bended knees, but Zurga spurns her from his feet. And now the hour has come. Nourabad approaches to demand his victim. Leila is ready. Love for Nadir has overcome her shrinking dread, and she is prepared to meet her doom. There is one among the crowd in whom, with a woman's quickness, she discerns a sympathetic friend. To him she hands the jewelled bracelet on her arm and charges him to take it to her mother. She is gone! Zurga glances at the bracelet, and a cry of horror escapes from him, as he discovers that it is a token given by him years ago to a little girl who had been the means of saving his life. That little girl can be no other than Leila. Away! away; there may yet be time to save her.



We are at the place of death on the border of the virgin forest. The nautch-girls are dancing round a blazing pyre. Soon the sun will rise, soon Brahma will be avenged. But see the victims appear, escorted in a solemn procession.



But a lurid glare now fills the sky. Zurga comes running with the news that the village is on fire. The crowd rush off to save their burning huts. Left with the lovers, Zurga hastens to knock off their fetters. His hands have kindled the flames that the lovers may escape in the confusion. Nadir and Leila fly. Zurga remains to face the angry crowd. His sacrifice has cost him dear. Hidden in the thicket, Nourabad has seen and heard all. The crowd learn that their victims have escaped through the treachery of their leader. With one accord they cry that he must die the death appointed for those he has saved. Zurga is seized and, with the name of Leila on his lips, he is hurled into the flames. Brahma is avenged; let Brahma accept the expiation.



The critics are agreed that the libretto of "Leila" is weak. The librettists hit on a good idea, but failed in working it out. The conflict between a woman's love and the duty of a priestess is a subject of strong dramatic interest. But Leila, as drawn by MM. Carré and Cormon, is not another Norma. She hardly seems to give a thought to the sacred duty she has undertaken, and yields almost before the first blow is struck. And if Leila is weak, Nadir is contemptible. The action of Nourabad is dignified and appropriate, but Zurga is the only character who can in any way command our sympathy. The action is loosely jointed; there are gaps in the scheme of cause and effect. Moreover it is sometimes clumsy, as at that part of the third act where the threadbare device of recognition by means of a token is introduced. Again, it sometimes drags, as in the first act, which naturally ought to end with the entry of Leila into the temple. But with all these defects, "Leila" should be popular. It contains a number of striking situations, and the environment of the action is most picturesque. Certain critics have been pleased to give a comic sketch of the plot. It is an easy matter to poke fun at any opera which has ever been written. There is necessarily a large element of the incongruous in every opera, and this is easily turned into the absurd. Our readers can judge for themselves whether the action of "Leila" is a fair butt for this cheap wit.

A common observation is one of surprise that the Parisians should have tabooed the opera as Wagnerian. It abounds in melodies of a definite form. "Leila" was written in Italy, and it is natural that the young composer should have modelled his work after the Italian school. Zurga's promise to Leila in the first act (quoted above) sounds like an aria from the early works of Verdi, and even the aid of the conventional *coloratura* is not disdained. But the Parisians were so far right. "Leila" exhibits all the tendencies of the new school with which the name of Wagner is associated. The instruments frequently carry the melody, and a liberal use is made of the *Leitmotif*. But must music cast in this mould be necessarily "Wagnerian"? It seems to us that dramatic music would have been developed in this direction if Wagner had never lived. The new departure was sanctioned by the splendour of his genius, and we may well believe that he hastened the process of

development. But the germs of the so-called "Wagnerianism" were contained in the conditions of modern art. The improvement in musical instruments and the growth of realism had begun to tell in the time of Meyerbeer, and Verdi, whom no one will accuse of being an imitator of Wagner, has remodelled his style in accordance with the new conditions in 1887.

"Leila" should be strong enough to stand alone without any assistance from the reputation of "Carmen." We know few things more beautiful in the whole range of music than the great duet between Nadir and Zurga and the Prayer to Brahma. There is certainly nothing in "Carmen" so beautiful unless perhaps the duet between Don José and Michaela. There is a tender charm in the music of "Leila" which reminds us of the best work of Gounod. But it also shows a vigour of dramatic expression and a grandeur of conception which have led to comparison with Meyerbeer. The melodies of "Leila" made a deep impression; they haunt the memory, and even on a second hearing they assume the status of old friends. We may suppose it is this characteristic which has led a well-known critic to describe the music as suitable for a Christy Minstrel Entertainment. Against such an abuse of criticism we feel bound to protest by recording our conviction that the production of "Leila" sheds lustre upon the honoured name of Georges Bizet.

A Russian Violin.*

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT the General's house Demiane found himself the object of an ovation; the General's wife, who certainly did not pride herself on her logic, proclaimed the young artist "the first man of his time!" One hardly knows what she meant by it. The assembly was brilliant; the good lady had invited the best people of Jaroslav, her best friends and her worst enemies, the first to rejoice with her, the others to be humiliated by her superiority. Very ugly and overdressed, she went from one group to another, and the result of all her efforts was a general request for a violin performance.

Demiane did not feel much disposed to play. Besides the fatigue natural after an effort such as he had made that morning, he shared with many artists an idea, which the crowd combat with all their might, and which, nevertheless, gains ground every day—that is, that a musician is no more forced to pay his share by giving a sample of his talent, than a painter is constrained by courtesy to make a sketch every time he pays an afternoon call. However, the enthusiastic young people having begged him several times, he sent to his hotel for his violin, and allowed himself to be conducted to the piano.

Mademoiselle Mavroucha, the General's daughter, wore a blue silk gown very low in the neck, and was sitting on the music stool, with her yellow shoulders poking outrageously out of her gown and her red arms resting on her knees. She threw the artist a pathetic glance, and indicated with her finger the title of the piece lying open on the piano. It was indeed one of those which Demiane had played with Helen that very morning. Without troubling himself about the

* Those commencing to take in the MAGAZINE with the April number may obtain the first eighteen chapters of "The Russian Violin," in book form, post free, for six penny stamps. Address E. Rae, 1A, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

accompaniment, the young man gave himself the *la*, and the music commenced.

What an artist of talent must suffer when he is accompanied badly, and when, moreover, he is accompanied by a woman to whom he cannot privately address a few insults to relieve his feelings, only those who have gone through it can understand. The piece ended amidst admiration on the one hand and disgust on the other, for everywhere, in Russia, one encounters people of good taste, connoisseurs in music, whom it is impossible to deceive.

"What do you think of my daughter's playing?" asked the General's wife, in coming to thank Demiane.

"She is still a little inexperienced, but at Mademoiselle's age that is an additional charm!" replied the artist, daringly, who was thinking of the success of his second concert, and who proposed to make her pay for this impudent lie by disposing of a ticket for it.

Mavroucha lifted to the young man a pair of sparkling eyes, and smiled and blushed; on all sides he was complimented, and the young girl retired into an isolated corner of the drawing-room, near the conservatory, to meditate over an idea which had occurred to her obtuse brain.

This young man found charms in her,—and she! did she not find him charming! But Mademoiselle Mavra—Mavroucha was a diminutive, not an abbreviation, like the greater number of diminutives—had crammed her head with trashy novels at the boarding school at Kazan, where she had been educated. In all these novels, a young girl of good family, after many vicissitudes, marries a handsome young man without fortune, who eventually turns out to be a wealthy prince. But what mattered rank and fortune to Mademoiselle Mavra? The most important consideration for the moment was to find herself loved by a handsome young man, different from all others and evidently destined for great things. Demiane united all these qualities, and the young girl, with that promptitude of impression which distinguishes, all over the world, boarding school young ladies from all others, declared herself instantly to be in love with the violinist.

It is something to be in love with an extraordinary young man; but then it is necessary that it should be returned. Yet how can he return the affection if he is ignorant of it? A talented violinist, but without fortune, could hardly dare to lift his eyes to a General's daughter, an heiress, the flower of the nobility of the country? Evidently not.

Besides, true merit is modest and needs encouraging. Then Demiane must be encouraged; it was clear as daylight.

While the General's wife, who had just spoken of organising a dance, was seeking her daughter, so well guarded from all indiscretions,—quite the reverse of little Helen, who was allowed to mix with anyone,—that young person was scribbling in her room, on a little sheet of rose-coloured paper, the following words, echo of her thoughts: "Demiane, you have genius, and I love you! Signed: Mavra."

"Mavroucha?" cried her mother, who had been seeking her everywhere.

"Mamma!" she replied, appearing.

"Where have you been hiding? We must arrange some dances. My goodness, how red you are!"

"It is the heat, mamma," replied the young hypocrite.

"Come quickly, I am going to ask M. Markof to dance the first dance with me. I expect he will invite you for the second."

"Yes, mamma."

The ball was opened in brilliant fashion. Markof had made some progress since the day

of his entrance into the world under the patronage of the *Gesellschaft*, and he appeared to advantage in the quadrille, and even in the cotillon. For the second dance he invited Mademoiselle Mavra, as had been predicted; but what had not been predicted was the thunderbolt falling from a clear sky, which put a finishing stroke to his success for that day.

The first figure ended, during the moment of silence when each has returned to his place and is waiting the signal for the piano to commence the second, he held out his hand to his partner; she made an awkward movement, and the pink paper, folded in four, which she had just drawn out of her glove, fell at their feet on the floor.

One could never believe, unless one has heard it, the noise that a little folded paper can make in falling to the ground, when everyone, motionless and silent, is awaiting the signal. Moreover Mavra's gown was blue, the floor was drab, the note was pink, written on a thick paper, which folded unwillingly. . . . The whole company turned their eyes towards the spot; Mavra uttered a cry of despair, and fell on her chair in a faint, half real, half affected.

"A note!" This word ran through the whole drawing-room in a very loud whisper, and became suddenly the signal for a storm.

"My daughter!" cried the General's wife, rushing towards her child.

The unfortunate Demiane, to whom Caroline had not revealed all the secrets of feminine Machiavelism, stooped to pick up the note without thinking any evil. The General's wife, who suspected the truth,—her acuteness was probably aided by some antecedents of the same kind,—only thought of saving appearances.

"A note to my daughter!" she shrieked; "you dare to pass a note to my daughter, and in my presence! in the presence of this honourable assembly! Ah! sir! you are a miserable madman. Go out!"

"I!" cried Demiane, leaping up under this unmerited insult. "I! a note! what on earth do you suppose I should wish to give your daughter a note for!"

Most of the company commenced to laugh. The romantic humour of Mademoiselle Mavra was no secret, and of forty guests, at least thirty-nine were perfectly convinced of Demiane's veracity. But the honour of a young girl, said some, respect for appearances, said others, demand a scapegoat; and Demiane lost his cause by pleading it with too much simplicity. One cleverer than himself would have overcome with humble apologies, whilst winking to right and left, and he would have had the whole party on his side. In this case our friend had only to take up his hat and retire, while a too attentive lady poured the contents of a water jug on Mavra's blue gown, and effectually restored the young girl from her faint.

Victor left the tumult, followed his brother without a word, and they returned to their hotel, quite disenchanted.

"What will happen?" asked poor Victor, sadly, when each was seated on his bed. It has been truly remarked that in great catastrophes one sits more willingly on the edge of a bed than on a chair, when the bed is near at hand.

"The second concert is done for," replied Demiane, accompanying this conclusion with an epithet little flattering about Mavra, whose name, however, he was ignorant of.

"Then it was she who gave you the note?"

"Do you imagine that I am wretch enough?"

. . . . If only she had done it more adroitly! But she is as stupid as she is ugly!"

"What shall we do?"

"How can I tell? We'll go to bed now and try to sleep, for it is midnight. We shall

have time to grumble to-morrow and the following days!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEXT day an order came from the Chief of the Police for them to quit the town within twenty-four hours. Such a stunning blow, and so unmerited an affront, was quite enough to abash the timid Victor. Demiane was not of the same temperament; he had hardly learnt the fatal news before he was running from house to house, not to weaken the effect, but to assure himself of his friends. He did not want for friends; but each, in blaming the General's wife and her foolish daughter, recognised the necessity of bowing before the decrees of authority. One could laugh in one's sleeve at the misadventure of the pink note, and no one dreamed of believing Demiane guilty—but no one would venture to interfere with the police, or the governor, or whoever it was.

"The most unfortunate," said Mazine, while conducting Demiane to the threshold of his bureau, "is the General, who will not be able to play his famous duet for the clarinet and violin; it is the ninth time he has been thwarted; he is sure to be furious, for he may never find such another opportunity."

The young artist was not much better disposed towards the General, but he had no right to complain—aloud, at least—and recognising the uselessness of his efforts, he decided to give in to destiny instead of struggling with her.

"What do you advise?" he asked the functionary.

"You should give a concert in some town some distance from here; they are so fond of gossip in the provinces! In your place I should go as far as Nijni without stopping. Nijni is far enough from here to be out of reach of the scandal."

"We must go," said Demiane to Victor, when he returned to the hotel. "I have just been to the starting place, and a boat will leave for Nijni at ten o'clock this evening. We will take it."

"So much the better!" sighed the poor boy. "Since the police have been mixed up in our affairs I dare not approach the window alone. The hotel waiters look at me suspiciously; I am sure that they think here we have stolen something!"

Demiane shrugged his shoulders and commenced to pack his belongings in his valise. Victor did the same with his, but with such afflicted gestures that his brother's nerves were severely tested. When this was finished they looked at each other, and the violinist gave vent to his ill-humour.

"Though you look like a fountain trying to fill a basin, that does not prevent the General's wife from being a goose, her daughter from being a dunce, and the General from being an ass! without counting the master of the police and the governor, who are blockheads."

"Demiane, in the name of heaven be quiet. You will cause us to be put in prison!" said Victor, become audacious by excessive fright.

"I have finished with this menagerie," concluded Demiane, a little calmed after this outburst. "What I was going to say to you was that you look as if you had committed some crime, and if anyone saw your face as it is now they would feel inclined to shoot you! Look alive, and come with me."

"Go out!" stammered Victor, becoming quite pallid; "into the streets?"

"Where should we go if not into the streets? Truly I think the air of this town must be particularly lowering! I do not recognise you!"

"In the street, Demiane; but they will point their fingers at us!"

"Very well, that will divert them. I believe that they have become idiots through having nothing to do. This will be an occupation for them till the evening, and to-morrow they will rest."

"Where are you going?"

"To little Helen! We cannot go without bidding them good-bye! and then we will go and see if they are as stupid as the others. Though that will astonish me!"

Victor did not fear for little Helen much, and if he could have gone to her without passing through the streets, he would have displayed unequalled haste. Unfortunately that was impossible, and he was obliged to go out and encounter curious glances, mocking or scared, according to their temperaments, from the hotel waiters. As they were about to cross the threshold, the landlord presented himself, with a paper in his hand.

"If these gentlemen would settle their little account," he said, not too politely.

"But we shall not go till this evening," said Victor, who did not understand.

"I should prefer to send your luggage to the boat immediately," he replied.

Victor would have argued the point; his brother put his hand on his arm.

"You do not understand," he said, quietly, "that this good man wishes to turn us out. He imagines that we may have stolen the cathedral clock. Show your account, my friend," he said to the landlord, who hardly knew how to act.

He took the paper, placed it on a desk, breast-high, before him, such as are found in the lobbies of all Russian hotels, probably for this purpose of revising accounts, and verified it with the same *sangfroid* as if he had been at school.

"You have counted tea twice for the day before yesterday, and two dinners too much; look yourself?"

"It is true," stammered the host, "permit me, I will alter it—"

"I shall alter it myself. There is your account. As to our luggage, do not trouble yourself, we will carry it ourselves. Would you like to search our valises and see if we have taken any of your furniture?"

"Indeed, sir, such an idea never occurred to me," murmured the landlord, astounded at this manner of acting.

"No such idea? Then so much the better!" Demiane quickly ascended to his room, while the landlord made prolific excuses to Victor, who did not listen, and the other soon descended, carrying the two valises in one hand and his violin in the other, in its case.

"Come, brother," he said, "we will not contaminate this gentleman's honourable house any longer. Good evening, monsieur, and good-bye!" He departed without looking back, followed by Victor, who hastily took one of the valises from him.

When they had turned the corner of the first street, Demiane stopped to change his burden from one hand to the other.

"This is not the road to the river," said Victor to him, seeing him continue his way at a deliberate pace.

"Did I not say we should go to little Helen?" growled Demiane, quickening his pace.

CHAPTER XXX.

At the violinist's ring—no doubt he had rung very loudly—the fat maid ran forward, bare-foot, and opened the door joyously. At sight of the valises she burst out laughing. She ran to announce to her mistress the extraordinary visit of these two young men laden with luggage. Her tale must have been very eloquent, for little Helen's mamma appeared immediately, followed

by her daughter, whose troubled face appeared relieved on seeing Demiane.

"What is the matter?" said her mother.

"They are chasing us from here," replied the young man; "the police find us dangerous."

"The police? You are dreaming!"

Demiane related in a few words the slander of the night before and its unfortunate result. When he spoke of the pink note, he surprised a smile on little Helen's face and stopped short.

"It does not astonish you?" asked he, brusquely.

"No!" said the young girl, gently shaking her head, "but that does not matter."

He continued his tale, and finished up by telling the scene with the hotel keeper.

"You will dine with us," said the mother, as soon as he had finished speaking, "and then we shall be able to chat. My goodness! what a misfortune! I had hoped that perhaps you would remain here! My daughter would have profited so much by you!"

"And I," said the young man, regretfully, "shall never find such an accompanist as she has been! It was a pleasure to play music with her; yes, a pleasure, such as I have never before experienced."

Little Helen looked at him furtively with gratitude. At the announcement of his sudden departure she felt quite upset, ready to cry without knowing why; it seemed to her that the earth vanished under her feet, the air from her lungs, life became a burden, and she could not explain the cause of this strange feeling.

"Where are you going?" said her mother.

"To Nijni."

"And from there?"

"I do not know! Perhaps to the Caucasus!"

"To the Caucasus! So far!"

Victor looked at his brother in astonishment; he had never before spoken of the Caucasus. What had put this idea into his head? But Demiane took no notice.

"What a pity," replied the lady, "that I am not ten years younger! I should like to go with you. I love travelling, and little Helen could accompany you as well at Nijni as here."

"Madame!" cried Demiane, in an ecstasy; "Providence has inspired you with this idea. Come with us! We will give some excellent concerts, and earn a great deal of money!"

Her mother commenced to laugh. The daughter blushed.

"What a joke!" said the lady, good-naturedly.

"It is not serious."

"It is very serious. When you are tired of it, you will be free to return."

"What will they say in the town?"

"What will they not say, rather! But do you care for that?"

The mamma hesitated an instant.

"What do you say to it, Helen? It is not serious?" she said, turning towards her daughter.

"I should very much like to descend the Volga, mamma," she replied, with her tranquil voice, but turning her head.

"Oh! Madame, come," said Victor, "we shall be a family; it will be a thousand times more charming, and then we shall look more respectable."

Victor, as one sees, had ideas about respectability; but these ideas are of very little importance to us. The lady smiled in an undecided way.

"Madame, I beg you!" said Demiane. "I am ready to offer you half the receipts; that will prevent our having recourse to chance artists to whom one is obliged to submit in towns, and who, no matter what one does, are never satisfied. Will you not come, Mademoiselle?" he added, turning to Helen.

She rose and leant against the piano; her

head bent over her bouquet still fresh and very sweet.

"I am willing," she replied, firmly, in so clear a voice that every one looked at her, surprised at this decision.

"Let us go, then," said her mother, with a sigh.

"Truly?"

"As truly as anything can be."

"But we must leave this evening," said Victor.

"Very well! we can leave too! We will make your new gown at Nijni. Is it not so, little one?"

Helen signified her approval. Since announcing her resolution she had again become mute.

"I will go and pack," said her mother. "Are you coming?"

"I pack wretchedly, mamma," she said, in a supplicating tone.

"Let us rehearse, Mademoiselle," said Demiane, eagerly. "Who knows when we shall have a good piano to practise on! This will be our second concert."

"Very well, practise," said her mamma, disappearing.

Victor, who was the sole audience, seated himself on a chair, and in a few minutes our musicians, lost in their enthusiastic study, had forgotten the police, the General's wife, and almost their projected departure.

Towards midnight—for a boat which is not late upon the Volga is an impossibility—the four travellers, who in the meantime had not separated, found themselves on board one of those superb, commodiously arranged steamers. They secured places in the saloon, and settled themselves upon lounges for the night. Just as Demiane was closing his eyes, Victor came up and whispered in his ear,

"Do you know the name of little Helen's mamma?"

"No, do you?"

"Neither do I; we must ask her."

The lady was coming and going, arranging her numerous little packets.

Demiane rose and politely approached her.

"I beg you to excuse me," he said, "but I have not the honour of knowing your name."

She commenced to laugh, and Helen, already lying on her divan, turned round to see what was amusing her so much.

"How curious!" said the lady. "We are such good friends, we are travelling together, we shall be united for some time at least, and you do not know my name! What have you called me among yourselves?"

Victor smiled.

"Little Helen's mamma," he said.

"Do you hear, little one?"

Helen smiled also, and the smile was seen on her sweet face, in spite of the uncertain light of the candle which lighted very ill the deserted saloon, of which they were the sole occupants.

"I am called Madame Mianof," said Helen's mamma. "Good evening, my dear friends; may we have a pleasant night on the Volga, and God protect us on our voyage."

"Amen!" replied the three young people, with that effusion of religious sentiment that is found everywhere in Russia.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN people have lived together in a boat for twenty-four hours it seems as if they had known each other all their lives. The sun rose next morning on this colony so recently formed with as little ceremony as if it had already shone twenty years on their united heads. Demiane's first impression on awaking was a little strange. He had never before been on a steamboat; besides, he had never slept in so numerous a company. His first glance encountered Madame

Mianof's feet; she was sleeping peacefully as if she had been in her own house; only those who had seen her sleep could have understood how little the idea of travelling disturbed her. She had the air of one who had passed her existence on divans in steamboats, and who has learnt to draw as much comfort as possible from that mode of living.

Demiane rose and tried to collect his thoughts. It was surely a very extraordinary thing to be going to an unknown place with people whom one scarcely knew; but Russians do not astonish themselves for so little. He finished by recalling clearly all the events of the past two days, and glanced around for his violin case. It was within reach, in a safe place. Then he thought of his brother. Neither Victor nor the little Helen were in the saloon. Demiane ascended the staircase leading to the deck, and the first thing which his eyes encountered was a white shawl he had seen the evening before, and which was now covering Mademoiselle Mianof's head. She was chatting with Victor, and they both appeared much absorbed.

"What are you plotting there?" said Demiane, approaching them from behind.

Helen blushed and smiled; Victor began to laugh.

"We were thinking of transforming the boat into a workroom. Mademoiselle Helen proposes to employ her leisure time during the voyage in mending our garments, which sadly need it."

"Bah!" said the young artist, indifferently, sitting upon a camp stool he had fetched. "Leave those trifles! Fingers are made to play on the violin or piano!"

"Mamma and I would have had no gown for a long time if I had adopted your principles, Monsieur Demiane!"

"What do you think of the voyage?" replied the latter.

"I am happy, oh, so happy! Many times I have looked at the boats going down the river and asked myself if one day I should go too! It was my great ambition. Monsieur Demiane! I am going now towards my promised land!"

"Indeed! What is your promised land?"

"The Caucasus," said Helen, clasping her hands. "I have dreamed of the Caucasus all my life. It seems to me that if I could see it I should die without regret!"

(To be continued.)

Literature of Music.

SOUVENIRS OF AN IMPRESARIO.

By MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

THIS book excites a curiosity which is not disappointed. M. Strakosch has travelled with Patti and Nilsson, has directed great opera-houses, and has known most, if not the whole, of the musical world. Many of his pupils have achieved a brilliant career. But, notwithstanding his cosmopolitan musical experience, there was some difficulty in getting M. Strakosch to unlock the treasures of his memory. However readily, he said, past scenes might recur to him in the flow of conversation, writing a book was another matter, and he was afraid, too, of wounding personal susceptibilities. But a literary collaborator was promised him, and for the rest his friends bade him remember the incalculable power of human, and especially of artistic, vanity. And so the book was written. M. Maurice Strakosch talked, and his collaborator wrote.

Before becoming an impresario, M. Strakosch was an artist and enthusiast. Born in a small Moravian town, he "made his first public appearance as a prodigy, at the age of eleven, in a concert given at Brunn, at which he executed on the piano a concerto of Hummel's." His success was so great that from this time he was able to devote himself to music.

He traversed Germany, everywhere applauded, and carried on his pianoforte studies at Vienna under Sechter, the master of Thalberg. But he was bent on being a tenor, and at length obtained an appointment in that capacity at the Opera of Agram, with the modest salary of £1 4s. per month. One season there was sufficient. Strakosch next went to Italy, and was fortunate enough to be admitted to the instructions of Mme. Pasta, who had retired from the stage. She was then living in a princely villa on the Lake of Como, where she was training a few chosen pupils gratuitously. During the three years for which he remained under Pasta's direction, Strakosch was learning the science which afterwards enabled him to form such a pupil as Adelina Patti; but at the end of the period his dream of becoming a tenor was over, and it was as a pianist that he travelled through Italy and Europe. In 1848 he left for New York, and now began his famous connection with the Patti family. Salvatore Patti, the father of Amalia Patti and of Adelina Patti (then six years of age), was director of Italian opera in New York—with indifferent success. Strakosch had known him five years before at Vicenza, and he now entered into an agreement with his daughter Amalia, whom he conducted on a professional tour of two years through America, and then married. He did not leave his sister-in-law and pupil, Adelina Patti, from this time until her marriage with the Marquis de Caux in 1868.

Adelina Patti was eight years of age when she first appeared before the public at a concert given at New York in 1850. She sang the rondo from "La Sonnambula" and Jenny Lind's Echo song, and the sensation she produced was marvellous. For the next three years the little singer travelled with Strakosch, by no means disdaining the pleasures natural to her age. Once at Cincinnati the company was thrown into consternation, just as the concert-hall was filling, by Adelina's absolutely refusing to sing because a doll for which she had asked was not forthcoming. Nothing would move her, nor did she sing, until Strakosch had hurried out and bought the doll. On November 24th, 1859, when sixteen, Patti made her *début* in Italian opera at New York. It was not a success, but a triumph, and in that first season she sang in the following thirteen operas: the "Barbieri," "Sonnambula," "Puritani," "Elisir d'Amore," "Marta," "Don Giovanni," "La Traviata," "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "Mosé in Egitto," "Linda di Chamouni."

In consideration of her unexpectedly brilliant *début* Strakosch destroyed the agreement at first drawn up and initiated the system, which he ever afterwards continued with her, of handing over to her half the net profits. Patti was engaged for Her Majesty's Theatre, London, but when London was reached the doors of the theatre were found to be closed! The manager, worsted in a mighty struggle between the two opera houses, had accepted £4,000 from his rival as the price of retreat. But Strakosch, nothing daunted, succeeded by vigorous strategy in obtaining for his pupil an engagement at the victorious opera-house. Patti was to sing at Covent Garden twice a week, and was to receive from £150 to £400 a month as the five years of the engagement proceeded. Covent Garden held a phenomenal company in those days: Patti, Albani, Marie Durand, Marcella Sembrich, Pauline Lucca, Schalchi, Trebelli, Heilbron, MM. Gayarré, Mierzwinski, Marconi, Lassalle, Devoyod, Victor Maurel, Gailhard, and the brothers de Reszke! But the company went into liquidation notwithstanding. When Patti left London for Berlin she paid her rival Pauline Lucca the courtesy of the first visit. It was in the morning and Lucca had not yet risen. Awakening she saw her famous competitor before her, and noting with surprise "what a darling and adorable creature she was," "What," she exclaimed, "are you the great Patti!" Off the stage the two cantatrici were intimate friends. Patti's tour through Europe was one long triumph, and the prices were proportionately high. Strakosch assures us that at the Hague the Dutch Cabinet met to decide whether the required fee of £120 should be paid for her to sing at the Palace. Thus fortified, the King authorised the extravagance. Others were alarmed at the fees also. M. Calzado, of the Paris Opera, refused to pay £50 a night one season, but he paid £60 the next. His successor Bagier paid twice as much. This was

the maximum of Patti's receipts at Paris. At Hamburg the Director of the Casino, terrified by this scale of remuneration, was offered the services of the diva for half the nightly receipts. The Director accepted, pitying the folly of Strakosch, who nevertheless, as it turned out, secured in this way £200 a night for his pupil. Strakosch was always opposed to Patti's marriage with the Marquis de Caux, and after this had taken place in May, 1868, at the Roman Catholic Church, Clapham, he broke off his professional relations with her, although several honourable and advantageous offers were made to him by the Marquis to continue them. The marriage took place under high auspices. The Empress Eugénie promoted it, and the Prince of Wales honoured the new marchioness by a dinner and ball at Marlborough House. Everyone knows how unhappily the alliance terminated, and Strakosch refrains from comment on this, but he catalogues the artistes who have been similarly unfortunate: Marie Taglioni, Malibran, Bosio, Frezzolini, Grisi, Lucca, Trebelli, Marie Sasse, and Marie Heilbron.

In 1878 Strakosch engaged Patti and Nicolini for a tour through Italy. The whole peninsula was filled with enthusiasm. Hotels crowded, people sleeping out on the public squares, flower-strewn stages, boxes selling at £80 a night. But it is time to speak of composers, of whom Strakosch has known many. He tells us most of Rossini, whom he knew especially well. The acquaintance began in 1846 at Florence, whither the maestro had retired when driven from Boulogne for his reactionary sentiments. To recover from his dejection Rossini removed to Paris, travelling by coach. He never travelled by rail. On his arrival in Paris he did not want for friends. Three financiers vied in increasing his savings. Aguado having skillfully doubled a sum in three months, Rothschild contrived a similar operation in six weeks. But for such help Rossini would never have been rich. The "Barber" brought him only £48. Rossini avowed that he could never understand Wagner. Being surprised one day with a work of the German master open upside down on the piano, he said in explanation of this novel method of study:

"I looked at it straight on and could make nothing of it, so I turned it upside down, and am as far as ever from comprehending it."

M. Lubert, the director of the Paris Opera, had very similar views about one of Rossini's own works, "William Tell," and expressed himself freely after the first representation. Said he—

"Monsieur Rossini, how could you write for the Grand Opera of Paris a work so insipid and disconnected as 'William Tell'? The work is so mediocre that there is now only one thing for you to do; cancel our agreement, and abandon the composition of 'Jeanne d'Arc' and 'Mahomet'."

Rossini vowed to compose no more operas, and he never did. The "Messe Solennelle" owed its adequate production to a young lady's eagerness to be married. This lady was the niece of Alboni, whom alone Strakosch considered to be capable of singing the solos. But Alboni had retired from the stage, and refused to sing until the astute Strakosch offered her in return for a three months' engagement the sum of £4,000, with which to dower her niece. The money was paid, and the impresario made a profit of £2,000.

Strakosch seems to have been usually successful in his undertakings, and successful where most others failed. In partnership with Ullmann, at New York, he first stemmed the tide of misfortune, which had overpowered all previous directors of opera in that city; and similarly in Paris, unlike his predecessors, he cleared in one season £10,000, whereupon the Ministry of Fine Arts withdrew the subsidy. One of his successors, however, ruined himself in three seasons, losing £50,000. When in 1863 Strakosch took Patti to Vienna, the director, Merelli, made upwards of £4,000. In company with his brother Ferdinand, in 1884-85 Strakosch conducted at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, the most brilliant season seen in that capital for twenty-five years.

But his most successful period, in M. Strakosch's opinion, was the seasons of 1871 and 1872, when he travelled with Christine Nilsson in America. In these two seasons of seven months each Nilsson earned £54,000, the total gross receipts being above £240,000!

Here we may observe that M. Strakosch has much

to say of Nilsson; of her kind-heartedness, of her troubles from madmen and from fires, and of her singing in Stockholm to crowds of 50,000 people. So also he has many memories of other cantatrici, of instrumentalists, critics, journalists, and sovereigns. But passing by this, we may ask, What is the opinion of such an expert as M. Maurice Strakosch on the position and outlook of Italian opera? He attributes its decline in Europe and America chiefly to the "starring system," which he anathematizes accordingly, but he expresses his hope of younger artists and composers being less exorbitant in their demands, and he is confident that, however much national opera may develop, a great future is yet in store for Italian opera.

Mr. Gladstone on Music.

I WILL just mention what constitutes one important branch of national culture, and what is a subject most of all, I think, domesticated in Wales—I mean the cultivation of music—(cheers)—in which I hope the English generally, perhaps with some reservation for a portion of the northern counties, will be ready to acknowledge that they must be content, and thankfully content, to take the second place. (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I will tell you what was the state of things in London with regard to the cultivation of music when I was a young man. There were certain clubs and societies—a glee club, a catch club, a madrigal club—very good in themselves, but limited to the use and enjoyment of a few scores, a very few scores, of gentlemen, who used, after the good old English manner, to associate their singing qualities and propensities with the primary enjoyment of a good dinner. (Laughter and cheers.) In these societies, excellent as they were, the public could hardly be said to have had an interest. (Laughter.) I think I am correct in saying that the only musical entertainments known to London at that time were two, one of them the entertainments of the Philharmonic Society, which were entirely instrumental and which I think were confined, if I remember right, to the members of the society, and were therefore more like an enlargement of the glee and madrigal clubs than anything else, and the other was what were called the "Concerts of Ancient Music." Now, the concerts of ancient music were really what might be called the only public musical entertainment of the time. When London had nearly two millions of inhabitants, what were these concerts of ancient music to the public at large? They were excellent things to the persons who frequented them—I have enjoyed them often and habitually—they were held under the auspices of many most distinguished men, or men of the highest station in the country; but if I recollect rightly there were twenty of these concerts given in the year, and I think the price of the admission ticket, though my memory may deceive me, the price of the annual subscription, I rather think, was eight guineas. (Laughter.) What interest, gentlemen, had the population of London with these concerts? What is now the state of things? (Cheers.) There are concerts far grander, far superior, with organised orchestras, upon a scale and with a perfection of art much beyond what was then attained; held constantly in vast buildings, holding as many thousands as hundreds that attended the concerts of ancient music, and filled with enthusiasm by the London public; adapted to the wants of all classes, having admissions down to the very lowest figure—and that, conjoined with the fact that music has now become a subject of universal instruction in schools, showing that what has taken place is not merely an improvement, but is a revolution—(cheers)—and that the cultivation of music has taken its place among the great national institutions, the fixed and ineradicable habits of the people. (Loud cheers.) I remember, ladies and gentlemen, at that time it was the common belief of what was called society in London, and very possibly of the whole people—not the belief of the Welsh at that time, but the belief unquestionably of the upper class in London, and possibly of all classes

—that the gift of music was something as limited almost as the power of producing oil paintings, that a happy individual here and there had a liberal supply of it, and that a very limited fringe or margin around that elect body had more or less power of appreciating it, but that the bulk of mankind was shut out from it. You there had a very gross superstition. The fact is directly the reverse. The man that is born entirely without the musical faculty is like to the man born blind, or the man born deaf and dumb. There may be such persons—unhappily there are—and there must be in our mixed human state two or three rare exceptions to the power of appreciating music, and of enjoying music. Nay more, the power, even the executory power in music is a power distributed with infinite generosity among the different individuals who make up society, is a power generally given, and is a treasure to mankind at large. This we must recognise as constituting a profound cause for thankfulness to the Giver of All Good—(hear, hear)—who has enabled these great benefits, and many, many more, to be realised in our time which were not dreamt of in the generations that preceded.

The Patti Fiasco.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE DIVA.

THE following *pronunciamento* of the *New York Musical Courier* may be weighed against the bouquets of the *jeunesse dorée* of the States. Which scale will kick the beam?

Patti has reached her home by this time, and we doubt whether she will ever appear here again, either in concert or in opera. We say we doubt this, although we rest in a mental reservation based upon our knowledge and experience that the impudence of a full-fledged Italian opera prima donna of the "star" species is a distinct characteristic which may even lead Patti to conclude in a year or two that a few performances of "Lucia" or "Traviata" may attract New York and Boston audiences in large numbers to hear her in these wild delights at the rate of from five to seven dollars a seat. She may, however, be gifted with sufficient circumspection to realise the fact that her last visit here ended in a complete fiasco, and that her manager lost a little fortune in his attempt to conclude his contract with her to the letter. No manager will ever again guarantee the prices to her which Mr. Abbey so liberally paid her, and this will in itself operate as a preventive to her return to the United States, a country from which she has reaped a million.

From an art point of view, the past Patti season has not only been a failure, but an absolute disgrace to her reputation. The concerts and quasi-operatic scenes introduced into them and the operas here in New York, from which were eliminated scenes and songs, and which were placed upon the stage in a perfunctory manner, and with the single aim in view to offer the diva an opportunity to sing a few arias on each occasion, were produced so shabbily that Colonel M. P. son's operas at the Academy seasons ago loom up as art representations, while an attempt to compare them with the wonderful performances of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House makes them appear more like barbaresques given under the auspices of the audience, while the performers appear to have been unconscious of it. If there is any prominent foe of Italian opera to-day that foe exists in the person of Patti, who, impelled by an overweening vanity and conceit, sacrifices all that is beautiful in the old Italian masterpieces to her unconquerable desire for personal exaltation and her supreme ignorance of the demands of a modern thinking and reflecting musical audience.

She had "to go," and she departed from the field of American art, conscious of the fact that her system had passed the meridian of its usefulness or attraction. Gifted with a great speculative ability, a judge of the peculiar weakness of the people here who create pets and idols for certain periods of time, she undoubtedly realised the fact that the patience of even this patient people here had reached its end, and that her name had ceased to resound in the hearts of her "dear American friends," an expression with which she most hypocritically fed the ignorant masses of idolaters here. We hope she will have learned to safely invest the great fortune that has been most lavishly bestowed upon her, and that in her old age (which is now approaching) she may enjoy her life, not only with the most pleasant reminiscences, but with the dispensation of deserved charity as becomes a woman who by the gifts of nature has accumulated untold wealth, that she may have continued health and such gratification as come to the lot of one person only among millions.

Le Paris says that the German drummers and trumpeters are practicing the French beats and calls in order to deceive their enemies in battle. It also says that in many engagements in the war of 1870 the command to cease firing was often given to the French infantry by German bugles; and that the command to halt, sounded by the same bugles, often stopped a charge of French cavalry and placed them in a position where they could be mowed down.

A Week before the Catastrophe.

"LE ROI MALGRE LUI" AT THE OPERA-COMIQUE.

THE last work produced within the four walls of the Opéra-Comique demands a passing word. Seven days before the fatal 25th of May, a brilliant audience assembled to hear the new opera by M. Chabrier, "Le Roi malgré lui." The composer of "Gwendoline" is believed to be advanced. But in "Le Roi malgré lui" he seems to have put away Wagner and all his works.

Wagnerian methods would certainly have been out of place in the subject which M. Chabrier has chosen. The "king in spite of himself" is Henri de Valois, whose career in Poland forms one of the romantic episodes of history. The opera opens at the court of Poland. Henri de Valois has just arrived, and his future subjects are busy making preparations for his coronation, but he is already feeling terribly bored. He would jump at any excuse to get back to his dear Paris. He happens to learn that there is a conspiracy on foot among the Polish nobles to send the new king back to France. The chance is too good to be missed. He will head the conspiracy himself! Fortunately his personal appearance is but little known, and he finds no difficulty in ingratiating himself with the conspirators under the *incognito* of a member of his suite, the Count de Nangis. On his part the count assumes the rôle of king. It only requires a little management for the supposed count to betray the supposed king into the hands of the conspirators. Of course, the real king expects that the conspirators will now escort the supposed king to the frontier, but it turns out that they have no intention of doing anything of the kind. Henri de Valois might come back again with an army behind him; they really must make short work of him, now that they have got him. This is rather an unpleasant complication. A disclosure of identity seems the only way out of the dilemma, but just in the nick of time the supposed king is saved by a servant-maid who has fortunately taken a fancy to him. The real king follows, and both are well on their way to the frontier, thinking themselves well out of the mess, when they are overtaken—not by the conspirators, but by the poor king's faithful subjects. The conspiracy has been discovered and crushed, and His Majesty's lieges are waiting for His Majesty's presence at the coronation—this being essential to the full effect of the ceremony! It would be rather difficult to pass off a sham king at the coronation, so Henri de Valois reluctantly admits that there is nothing for it but to go back, and become "a king in spite of himself."

There are no strong situations in this plot, but there is plenty of room for that piquancy and delicacy which the French *opéra comique* has made its own. Auber, not Wagner, has accordingly been M. Chabrier's model. But the new opera is modern enough to contain a richness of orchestration which would have given good old Auber something to think about. "What a variety of shades and striking effects!" says M. Moreno in *Le Ménestrel*, "a positive debauch of colour which is sometimes dazzling enough to blind us. Life and health course through every part of it; not a moment's repose, a continual chatter. It is an orchestration which has had a good dinner, bordering on a 'spree'; an orchestration with its hat cocked on the side of its head. This is stuff that never came from the other side of the Rhine; French growth, gentlemen, I assure you, full-bodied Gironde."

A CORRESPONDENT of an Edinburgh paper contributes a suggestion for the Jubilee. It is that at a given hour every individual, young or old, on business or pleasure, should stand still, and, with head uncovered, should join in the National Anthem. The comic aspects of this are irresistible. Over shop counters, in railway tunnels, on the river, in all varieties of key and time: the cacophony would be awful. Unison alone would recommend the idea; and that is unattainable.

Chopin's Life.

II.

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AND FURTHER STUDIES.

IN a few years the boy had made, as already stated, such rapid progress, and had acquired such an excellent technique as to enable him to play very difficult compositions. His performance was distinguished by such fervent feeling as to win him everyone's heart.

On the 24th February, 1818, a concert was given for the benefit of the poor of Warsaw, and no attraction proved greater than the first public appearance of the wonder-boy, Frédéric. He played a concerto by Gyorwetz to the astonishment of all present. When his mother asked him after the concert what had most pleased the audience, he replied: "Oh, mamma, they only looked at my white collar."

After this, the boy, although only nine years old, was tormented by invitations for all sorts of concerts and assemblies. He became the darling and pet of the whole Polish aristocracy, and it was considered a privilege to possess the talented virtuoso for a few hours.

That his performances possessed great merit already at that time is proved by the fact that the celebrated singer, Catalani, when giving a concert at Warsaw, and hearing Chopin play, was so enraptured that she presented him with a gold watch, bearing the inscription: "*Donné par Madame Catalani à Frédéric Chopin, âgé de dix ans.*"

The Grand Duke Constantin, who was then residing at Warsaw, frequently invited Chopin, and used to beat time during his performances. He also accepted the dedication of a march composed by Chopin, and had it scored and performed by his military band.

The boy also excited great admiration by his very clever and truly ravishing improvisations. In improvising, he manifested great creative imagination and surprising originality, a proof of his talent for composition, which was carefully fostered and trained by Elsner. The merit of this teacher does not only consist in having developed Chopin's gifts as a true poet, but also in his not suppressing the boy's wonderful originality by pedantry, allowing it to develop itself freely and unconstrainedly.

Besides diligently pursuing his musical studies, Chopin did not neglect the other branches of knowledge. He continued to be an assiduous pupil of the college, and even sometimes tried his hand at poetry.

On the occasion of his father's birthday, the boy, then fifteen years old, wrote, together with his sister Emily, a little comedy, which was performed with the assistance of some of his father's boarders.

In 1825 he again appeared at two concerts on a larger scale, and roused his audience to still greater enthusiasm.

The Emperor Alexander I., who happened to be in Warsaw, was so delighted with Chopin's playing that he presented him with a costly diamond ring.

The summer holidays in 1826 Chopin spent in the Silesian watering-place, Reinerz, together with his sisters, to get some change of air. There he gave a charitable concert for the children of a poor widow who had just died; reaping, besides admiration, tears of joy and gratitude.

The diligence of the young artist in his studies at school is made apparent by the fact, that he passed with honour his final examination in 1827. In the autumn of the year 1828 an opportunity was offered to Chopin to go to Berlin with the savant professor, Jarocki, to attend a natural-science congress. There Chopin was introduced to many of the learned professors. He gives most amusing descriptions of the manners of some of these gentlemen, and shows his love of mockery, not even sparing such a man as Alexander von Humboldt.

He does not seem to have played in public in Berlin. We do not learn whether he was in some way prevented or did not wish to play. It is just possible that he had not yet the courage to encounter

the Berlin critics. A few weeks later he returned home, and resumed his studies with still greater ardour, for he felt and knew well enough that he was far from having reached his ideal of perfection.

In the summer of the following year, 1829, he ventured to undertake a journey to Vienna, with the intention of appearing as pianist. He got an opportunity to play in public by means of letters of introduction to the musician, Schuppanzigg, the publisher Haslinger, and other influential persons, and he appeared for the first time in the Imperial Opera-house on the 11th August. He played some variations of his own composition, a Krakowiak and a free fantasia. Owing to the favourable reception on the part of the public he was induced to play a second time, but he received no fees, either for his playing or for his compositions. He consequently soon left Vienna, travelling to Prague, Teplitz, and Dresden without being able to perform in any of these towns. He appeared only in a few aristocratic salons.

Having returned to Warsaw, Chopin appeared as pianist at concerts, chamber-music recitals, and drawing-rooms. He also composed diligently, and created a great number of his best works during this time, among which the concertos in E minor and F minor. He found it, however, impossible to earn a good living in his native country, although he was much loved and esteemed; nor did he receive sufficient satisfaction from an artistic point of view. He therefore began once more to think of travelling, and intended to go to Italy, France, and England.

A craving for love also awoke in his boyhood—a sweet girl, with the beauty of a Madonna, won his love. A tender relation sprang up between them which, unfortunately, never led to marriage. Chopin's parting from his fatherland was also a parting from his adored one, who in after years married another. In the year of Revolution, 1830, on the 2nd November, Chopin again left Warsaw to go to Germany. Chopin was never to return. Whether he took part in the Revolution, which broke out on the 29th November, we do not know. Enough that he became the animating spirit of those exiles who found a refuge in Paris, expressing by music the grief and pain for their lost fatherland.

From Warsaw Chopin again went to Vienna. Appearing at several concerts, he was much admired, but failed greatly to move his audiences. The elegiac Polish youth was not in accord with the lively Viennese; and it may be that the outbreak of the revolution threw its shadows over their society. Nevertheless Chopin would have liked to remain in beautiful Vienna had he been able to establish for himself a worthy existence. His compositions and his playing were greatly valued, but neither publishers nor concert-agents wanted to pay. He was expected to play gratis at concerts, and Haslinger would offer no remuneration for his works. Thus Chopin had to wander further without treasures and without laurels, after a stay of eight months. He set his hopes on London, which he intended to visit. On his way he gave a concert at Munich with brilliant success, and he left at the end of September, 1831, for Paris, in order to give some concerts there. In this city he found fortunately a many-voiced echo in the breasts of his exiled compatriots, who were still mourning in deep sorrow for their lost fatherland. In Pleyel's salon, the rendezvous of the aristocracy of birth and mind, where the leading spirits of art and poetry met, his playing was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and thus in a moment he had become one of the most famed artists. His compatriots were proud of him, and tried to render his life so agreeable that nothing should induce him to leave Paris. All the homeless Poles, from the highest to the simplest citizen, had founded for themselves a new home on the Seine. Their tragic destiny, which they bore in common, led their hearts closer together, in order that they might replace in a strange land what they had lost by their exile. In the salons of Prince Czartoryski, Countess Potocka, Princess de Beauveau, Countess Plater, Prince Lubomirski, and of numerous other emigrants, Chopin was a welcome guest, and a princely homage was paid to his genius. This did not make Chopin in the least conceited: he remained, though conscious of his worth, the modest, courteous artist, and kind-hearted man.

(To be continued.)

How we conduct Popular Concerts in Loughboro'.

To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music."

DEAR SIR,—Seeing an account in the June number of your magazine of Mr. W. H. Collisson's Popular Concerts, I thought it might interest some of your readers to know how we conduct popular concerts in the thriving midland town of Loughborough. They are carried on in a way that I think might be adopted by musicians in provincial towns, large and small, who wish to place good music before the public (who I am sure only want the opportunity to be given them of hearing the works of the masters past and present) at prices which even the poorest can pay, namely, one penny for the ticket, with a collection between Part 1 and Part 2 for those whose means allow them.

It not being compulsory to give, many people go to hear these concerts who would otherwise stay at home, and thus lose the opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of the singers, performers on instruments, and lastly, but not least, the masters whose genius has given the world such productions.

In an interview I had with Mr. George Adcock, the promoter of these concerts, I asked him when he thought of this kind of concert, and he replied, "It is some years since the idea of this class of concert first came into my head, the town not being ripe enough to put it in practice till this last year or so, the inhabitants always looking askance at anything out of the orthodox way."

You will see by this programme that nothing but good music is put before us; in fact, it has been Mr. Adcock's aim all his life to raise the musical standard and to educate the people to good music. This programme was rendered by the celebrated "Porter Family" and Miss Honeybone, a Nottingham professional.

PART I.

Instrumental Quartette.. "Ernani" Verdi.
Song.. .. "The Winged Chorister" Sullivan.
Instrumental Trio.. "Andante and Scherzo" .. Mendelssohn.
Flute Solo "La Sirene" Terschack.
Song "A Winter Story" Walton.
Violin Solo "Ballade et Polonaise" .. Viennet.
Violoncello Solo "Le Desir" Servais.
Song "The Lost Chord" Sullivan.
Instrumental Quartette .. "Largo" Handel.

PART II.

Instrumental Quartette .. "Selection from Stabat Mater" .. Rossini.
Violin Solo (Selected)
Song "Living Poems" Sullivan.
Piccolo Solo "L'Oiseau des Bois" Boquet.
Violoncello Solo "Tarantelle" Popper.
Song "Calvary" Rodney.
March "Carmen" Bizet.
National Anthem.

The above shows that we get a good pennyworth. Mr. Adcock has been able to give a series of six concerts this last winter, and there has been an average of 1,200 people at each concert.

Although this is a very poor town for supporting anything long and successfully, yet it gives me great pleasure in saying that it has been successful, although perhaps not so much as could have been wished for, but at all events successful, and that is the chief point to the promoters, for it stimulates them to further exertions. Out of the six concerts there has been £18 clear profit, besides £11 being given to the employees of a factory that was burnt down here at the end of last January, making a total of £29 altogether. I myself think that these concerts are firmly established here, and when Mr. Adcock begins his next series (which he hopes to do this winter) he will find that he has not enough tickets for the people who want to hear them.

C. J. H. SCOFFIELD,

2, Wood Gate, Loughborough.

Accidentals.

MR. OSCAR EBERINGER has given a concert of his Academy. The programme and performance were alike of a high order.

THE Westminster Orchestral Society gave their seventh concert on May 25th, and a new overture, "The Student of Salamanca," composed by the conductor, Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson, was very effectively played by the band. The vocal part of the concert was not so interesting as the instrumental, with which it was not well blended. Mr. Macpherson deserves much encouragement as conductor, composer, and pianist, and we are much mistaken if he is not destined to rise to very high, if not the highest distinction, in more than one branch of his art.

GILBERT and Sullivan's opera of "Patience" has won a decided success at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, and will probably be as popular there as the "Mikado." The duet between Patience and Grosvenor, and the unaccompanied septet, were the favourite numbers. A large share of the success is due to Dr. Carlotta's translation, into laughter-compelling German, of the words—

"Conceive me, if you can,
A matter-of-fact young man,
A steady and stolid, a jolly Bank holiday
Everyday young man," &c.

MISS MARGUERITE HALL, of Boston, U.S.A., gave her first concert at the Portman Rooms on May 23th. Her voice is a rich and full mezzo soprano. She gave some old Italian songs by Salvatore Rosa and Durante with charming nicety, and a modern "June Song" by Mary Carmichael, who accompanied, pleased the audience so much that it had to be repeated. Mr. William Nichol, tenor, in conjunction with whom the concert was given, rendered, among other songs, Mackenzie's "Of all sweet birds," a very difficult song, admirably given. A noticeable feature in the programme was the violin playing of Miss Lucy Riley, a pupil of Joachim, who gives promise of distinction.

WE are always glad to hear of Mr. Gladstone at opera, concert, or play. His is a musical soul, unfit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." We hope he enjoyed "Faust" at Court Garden, where the leading parts were sustained by Madames Albani and Scaldi, and MM. Gayarré, Lorrain, and Devoyod, who gave a fine performance of Gounod's opera as has been witnessed this season. Mr. Gladstone went on the stage during one of the *entr'actes* to congratulate the Marguerite and Faust of the evening upon their success.

MOZART was once asked what, in his opinion, produced the greatest effect in music. "No music" was the laconic reply. He meant the cessation of music. A pause not only acts beneficially, it likewise depicts the greatest excitement, heightens the expectation of the hearer, and is particularly effective in sacred music.

SEVERAL years ago a musician declared that he could strike one million notes on the piano in twelve hours. Accordingly he took a compass of three octaves ascending and descending the different scales, and struck 109,296 notes in the first hour; 125,928 in the second hour; 121,176 in the third hour; 121,176 in the fourth hour; 125,136 in the fifth hour; 125,136 in the sixth hour; 127,512 in the seventh hour; 127,512 in the eighth hour; 47,520 in twenty minutes, thus making a total of 1,092,392 notes in a little over eight hours, which, with the periods of rest he allowed himself, amounted to a few minutes short of the twelve hours agreed upon.

SCHUMANN says, with truth, of learning there is no end, and everyone who loves pianoforte playing, not for mere amusement or pastime's sake, will agree with the intelligent composer, to enlist the most finished technical execution in the service of the finest compositions should be not only our motto, but also our continual effort. The great composers have left us a rich legacy in their unsurpassably fine works. Let us show that we duly appreciate their liberality, and let us testify our gratitude by devoting our best energies and capabilities to the realisation of their noble ideas. Schiller says:—"Earnest is life and cheerful still is art." "Regard it as something abominable," says Dr. Schumann, "to meddle with the pieces of good writers, either by alteration, by omission, or by the introduction of new-fangled ornaments. This is the greatest indignity you can inflict on art."

THE death is announced of the Rev. J. P. Knight, the composer of the songs, "She wore a wreath of roses," "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," and "The Veteran." Mr. Knight died at his residence, Great Yarmouth, at the age of seventy-five.

HAPPILY, sixty musical scores, thirteen of which are complete, were saved from the recent Opéra-Comique fire at Paris, thanks to the zeal of the musical conductor, M. Danbé. These include the beautiful repertory, so interwoven with the traditions of the Salle Favart, comprising "La Dame Blanche," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," "Zampa," "Le Pré aux Clercs," "La Pluie Enchantée," "Les Noces de Jeannette," "Le Pardon de Ploumel," and others of value. The value of this rescue is much enhanced by the fact that these are, perhaps, the only

manuscripts containing the marginal notes with the conventional cuts and time-honoured stage business, without which the bald score is of little use.

THE once famous tenor, Gaetano Fraschini, died on the 27th ult., at Padua, of apoplexy, at the advanced age of seventy-two. His wife was seized at the same time with apoplexy, but she is expected to recover. Fraschini was educated for a medical career, but as far back as 1837 he made his *début* as a tenor in the cathedral of his native city, Pavia, and until his retirement about twenty years ago he was one of the most popular vocalists at the Italian Opera, Paris, and in various theatres in Italy. In 1847 Fraschini made his *début* in "Lucia," under Lumley's management, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE death is announced, at the age of seventy-three, of M. Poultier, who made his English *début* at Her Majesty's in 1841, and was for many years a popular tenor in France. He was the son of a pilot, and was originally a journeyman cooper. He was "discovered" by Nicolo, brother of the composer, and was engaged for the chorus at Rouen, subsequently becoming first tenor at the Paris Opéra. He "created" the chief parts in Halévy's "Charles VI." and David's "Eden."

THE novelties selected for the next year's Birmingham Festival are an oratorio by Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. Bennett, a cantata by Mr. Goring Thomas, and a secular cantata by Sir John Bridge (*in petto*).

THE new statue of Haydn was unveiled on May 31st last at Vienna. It stands in front of the Church of St. Mary, a site chosen in preference to one in Prince Esterhazy's park, which had been suggested on account of the master's long connection with that family. After many discussions, it was decided that Haydn's sacred music was even greater than that written for the theatre and for the private orchestra of his patron, whence the selection already referred to.

THE statue is by Natter, and represents Haydn with a scroll in his left hand while the right holds a pencil. The face is said to be very lifelike, and the white Carrara marble of the figure in excellent contrast with the yellow Tyrolean marble of which the pedestal is made. The Emperor, the Crown Prince, and many other distinguished persons were present, and listened to the anthem composed for the occasion and performed by the Vienna Musical Society.

THE *Freundenblatt* of Vienna declares that the heir to the throne of Russia has a magnificent tenor voice. One of these days, perhaps, the young Czar may wish he had been an opera singer.

WE are hardly in the thick of the summer season before preparations begin for the winter. All doubts about the proceedings of the Sacred Harmonic Society are set at rest by the fact that St. James's Hall has been secured for six concerts. The Richter autumnal concerts will not be held, as the Viennese refuse to give the great conductor (who will this year also direct the Lower Rhine Festival) a third *congé*. Messrs. Novello have secured St. James's Hall for six winter concerts, and Mr. Henschel proposes to give no fewer than sixteen orchestral concerts (many of them *matinées*) from November to March.

"DINORAH's goat," remarks "Rapier" in the *Dramatic*, must be a subject of anxiety to the prima donna who represents Meyerbeer's heroine. His duty is to walk about the mountain paths over Corentino's house, entering on one side and disappearing on the other, so that Dinorah may seem to be searching for him. I have seen goats that were unambitious, or victims of stage fright, so that they declined to go on at all; but Mdlle. Ella Russell's goat is quite a different sort of creature. It came on last Tuesday night, and searched among the painted herbage of the mountain side for something to eat. Almost anything is good enough for a goat, but he reluctantly draws the line at stage scenery. Nevertheless, having gone on, he seemed inclined to stay there, and declined to be coaxed off the stage, and was only pulled off with difficulty. This is a good stage goat, and when not using it, Dinorah might lend it to Esmeralda, who, by the way, is goatless in the admirable and popular opera of Mr. Goring Thomas.

OUR contemporary *The World* is rather severe, though not unjustly so, upon M. Pachmann, as may be seen in the following sentences. "If I said M. Pachmann has something of the humbug about him, this would by no means be meant in a disrespectful sense. I believe that talent without a slight addition of humbug will always have some difficulty in asserting itself, whereas humbug, without any talent, but plenty of assurance, is safe to succeed. Had Mozart and Beethoven only had an atom of humbug, instead of their inflexibly honest purpose, how rich they might have become!"

M. Pachmann's talent is undisputed. The affectation, and the grimaces, as an obligato accompaniment, are an effectual blind for the mass of the public. I wonder what he looks for as he plays. Is it his music, or his hands? They are on the keyboard; why should he look for them right and left? And the different expressions of his benevolent face while he looks round, now a condescending smile, now an insinuating bow, or nod of the head! I don't blame M. Pachmann for it; I state the fact. List, the greatest pianist of the century, continually held his public well in his eye; and though he did it more gracefully than M. Pachmann, who turns his head aside exactly like a clockwork figure at Madame Tussaud's, the result is the same!

Truth tells a story of a clergyman who refused to silence his church bells at the request of a sick woman, on the ground that "bells are a command of God, and worn by the priests in the time of Moses." "Well," remarks the writer, "priests may wear bells now, if they like. In fact, it would afford me much satisfaction to see several bells that I could mention, tied for evermore round the necks of their owners; but I am quite sure there is no Divine command which requires these useless abominations to be mounted on every church tower in a large city, and rung at any hour of day or night, regardless of the torture they may cause in the vicinity."

THE wearers of chemically prepared or "everlasting" clean collars must take warning by the experience of Mr. William Allen, musical director, who approached too near a gas jet the other day, and was instantly invested with a collar of flame. His wife extinguished it with a tablecloth; but he was injured sufficiently to render it necessary to remove him to St. George's Hospital.

ON Thursday, May 26th, Madame Patti made her first appearance this season, at Mr. Kuhe's concert at the Albert Hall. Madame Patti sang three songs, the hackneyed "Ah! fors è lui," Eckert's "Echo Song," and "The Last Rose of Summer," and of course three "encores"—"Comin' thro' the Rye," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Home, sweet Home." Afterwards was picked up a programme, with the following lines scribbled on the back:

The encore fiend whom any one catches, his doom's extremely sore,
He's made to stand by a German band, and for ever yell 'encore';
And there he listens to 'Home, sweet Home,' from early morn till night,
And at every stanza of that old romanza give symptoms of delight.

THERE is only one song we would like to recommend to Madame Patti, which the late Madame Sainton-Dolby used so sympathetically to sing, "I cannot sing the old songs." With the immense repertoire she has, of Italian, Spanish, and French songs, and Schubert—the immortal Schubert—the public are always regaled with the same dozen of airs and songs. They are songs with which many a sweet home voice can delight us, and touch our hearts more surely than when embellished by *tours de force*, and surprising effects; but we expect to have our wonder as well as admiration appealed to by the inimitable feats of "the Queen of Song."

MADAME TREBELLII arrived the other day from America, and sang the next day as if she had arrived from Richmond.

THE following improvement upon Lord Byron was offered to Madame Patti at the most recent of her farewell performances in New York:—

Fare thee well! and if another
Chance I get to fare thee well,
Nicolini's quails I'll smother
And gaily face the chestnut bell!
Fare thee well, boys with high collars!
Wheresoe'er my voice shall roam,
I shan't forget the triple dollars
You paid to hear my "Home, sweet Home."
Fare thee well! and this fond linnet
Wishes here the truth to tell;
That every time there's money in it
She'll come again and fare thee well!

A PIANO has recently been sent to New York which makes one sigh for Fortunatus's purse. The instrument was designed by Alma Tadema, and enriched with paintings by E. J. Paynter, R.A. The chairs and tables of the room wherein this gem is enshrined should be in keeping with it. Could it be done? And what would it cost?

MDLLE. CLOTILDE KLEEBERG gave her second recital at the Prince's Hall on Friday, June 17th. The hall was not full, but the audience was appreciative. Mdlle. Kleeberg's playing is always brilliant and poetical, and her choice of music excellent. The programme on this occasion included Mozart's *Fantaisie* in C minor, expressively rendered; Beethoven's variations in C minor, in which the phrasing was remarkably fine; Schubert's *flowing Improvisi* in G major; Schumann's *Novette* in E major, very spirited. Then followed the gem of the performance, Mendelssohn's *Prelude and Fugue* in D major, and a fairy *Presto*, in which the music seemed far too light and swift to be produced by the touch of fingers upon ivory and wood. It was listened to in rapt silence, and followed by an enthusiastic encore, in response to which Mdlle. Kleeberg repeated the magical *presto* with its exquisite grace and colour. A polonaise by Chopin came next, and seven short pieces followed by Francesco Berger, Theodore Dubois, Tchaikowsky, Saint-Saëns, Chaminade, Dolmetsch, and Moszkowski. The recital concluded with Weber's sonata in C major. These fourteen works, played from memory on a hot summer afternoon, must have severely taxed the energies of the young pianist.

AMONG the many and most agreeable concerts this season may be classed Mr. Charlton Speer's, given at the Prince's Hall. This gentleman is not only an accomplished pianist, but a composer of considerable merit, which the Philharmonic Society of Bath have recognised by awarding him their prize for a new cantata. The programme included several well-known works

of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Raff, Liszt, and Henselt. Mr. Speer was very ably assisted by the Misses Hallett, Dora Bright, Annie Bennett, and Mr. W. H. Speer and John Williams.

Foreign Notes.

It is not yet settled where the company of the Opéra-Comique is to be housed while the new theatre is being built. Our contemporary *Le Ménestrel* pronounces in favour of the Théâtre des Nations, which belongs to the City of Paris.

AMONG the numerous concerts organised for the benefit of the sufferers, we may specially mention one given by M. Lamoureux at the Eden Theatre. Madame Fiès-Devriès and M. Francis Planté were among the performers. M. Lamoureux was once conductor of the orchestra at the Opéra-Comique, and his action is a fitting tribute of esteem for his old colleagues.

ANOTHER was given by Mdlle. Van Zandt at the residence of Mrs. Campbell Clarke. Mdlle. Van Zandt appears to have forgiven the Parisians the treatment to which she was once subjected at the Opéra-Comique.

THE members past and present of the company of the Opéra-Comique gave a brilliant concert of their own at the Trocadéro on the 8th of June. The programme was taken from favourite works in the repertoire of the Opéra-Comique. The orchestra played the overture to "Zampa"; the chorus sang the Huntsmen's Chorus from Ambroise Thomas's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The artists, among whom were Madame Carvalho and M. Faure, sang selections from "Dinorah," "Le Val d'Andorre," "Lalla Roukh," "Manon," "Lakmé," "Carmen," and "Le Chevalier Jean"; and even M. Saint-Saëns's "Proserpine," produced a month or two ago, and M. Chabrier's "Le Roi Malgré Lui," brought out only a week before the fire, were represented in the programme.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN seems to have cracked his credit in Berlin. The German press are anything but sympathetic. On the other hand, "Patience" appears to have been very successful in Vienna.

NIEMANN has retired from the Berlin Opera on a pension of £375 per annum. Count Hochberg has, however, retained the right to his services for two months in the spring of 1888 and 1889.

IT is believed that Niemann will accept the offer of an engagement from Mr. Stanton for next winter's season of Italian opera in New York. His reception last winter was an artistic triumph.

ROSA SUCHER will be Mr. Stanton's prima donna. Lilli Lehmann stood out for an increase of salary, which Mr. Stanton very properly refused to grant.

ANTON SEIDL will resume his post at the desk, and Mr. Stanton will try to obtain the services of Therese Malten and Marcella Sembrich.

THERE is also some talk of a German opera in Boston.

"SIEGFRIED" and "Götterdämmerung" are among the works promised by Mr. Stanton. Wagner is certainly making headway in New York. It appears that the critic of the *New York Times* has been sent about his business because he is a too vigorous anti-Wagnerian.

NEXT year's Festival at Bayreuth (there being no Festival this year) will include "Parsifal" and "Isolde" as before. A general desire was expressed that "Die Meistersinger" should form the third work, but Madame Wagner has decided in favour of "Tannhäuser." It seems that Wagner was never satisfied with the manner in which "Tannhäuser" was put on the stage at any theatre in Germany, and next year's representation is intended to serve as a model.

"OTELLO" has been given at Venice by the company from Milan. It is next to be performed at Brescia. Madame Gabbi, who replaced Pantaloni at Rome, will take the part of Desdemona. Signor Oxida, who we have heard this season in "Faust," will be the "Otello." Signor Lhéris, who distinguished himself as Zurga in "Leila" at Covent Garden, will play Iago.

"OTELLO" will also be given at Rome, Naples, and Modena. Pollini will include it in his repertoire at Hamburg. It is even going to South America along with Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." The South American public have never yet had an opportunity of hearing any of Wagner's operas.

M. LAMOREUX has sued the editors of *Patrie* and *France* for £2,000 each, and the editor of *Revanche* for £1,000, as damages for a libel to the effect that he was acting as a cat-spaw of German capitalists in producing "Lohengrin." Would it not have been better to let sleeping dogs lie?

KROLL'S SUMMER THEATRE in Berlin is in full swing. The season commenced with "Faust," "Der Freischütz," and "Martha."

THE Opéra-Populaire, as the summer theatre at the Château d'Eau is called, is entertaining. It has just produced a new opera, "Kérim," by M. Bruneau. The libretto is thin, its three acts being devoted to the search for a genuine tear which is to turn to a pearl when the hero beholds it. As regards the music, the well-known critic, M. Pougin, while allowing considerable talent to M. Bruneau, professes that he is unable to follow three consecutive bars in the whole score.

THERE is some word of establishing a permanent opera at the Eden Theatre, rendered famous by the recent "Lohengrin" affair.

IT is said that the negotiations between Verdi and the Paris Opera, *à propos* of the production of "Otello," have been renewed. Verdi insists on having Madame Caron for Desdemona and Maurel for Iago, neither of whom MM. Ritt and Gailhard wish to re-engage. This is the difficulty.

STRAKOSCH's new protégée, Mademoiselle Nikita, has attracted much attention in Paris. Strakosch hopes to make his young charge, who is fourteen years of age, a second Patti.

THE Heckmann Quartett is threatened by a rival, the Leipzig Quartett, Messrs. Petri, Bolland, Unkenstein, and Schroeder, who have been touring with great success in Holland.

A SENSATION has been caused by the promised appearance of a symphony in C major by Wagner. It was written by Wagner in 1832, and was performed in Prague and Leipzig that year. In January, in 1833, it was played at one of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. It was afterwards forgotten, and it was only after the most searching inquiries that Herr Tappert succeeded in recovering the score in 1877. Wagner himself, says Herr Tappert, in the *Berlin Allgemeine Zeitung*, had forgotten all about the symphony, and was delighted to see the melodies of his youth restored.

THE work was performed at Venice in 1882, on Christmas Day (Madame Wagner's birthday), by the orchestra of the *Liceo Benedetto Marcello*. A number of Wagner's friends as well as his own family were present, but the affair was kept quiet.

IT was thought that the Symphony would be kept sacred from the vulgar ear, but Wagner's heirs have now leased it out for a year to Herr Wolff, the well-known musical agent and entrepreneur in Berlin. Herr Wolff is said to have given a handsome consideration for this privilege, but he will doubtless reap a golden harvest from the performance of the work.

THE Empress of Russia has accepted the dedication of the Caprice on Danish and Russian airs for flute, oboe, and piano, which M. Camille Saint-Saëns composed for his recent visit to St. Petersburg. This work has been greatly appreciated at M. Saint-Saëns's concerts in London.

THE talented young pianist, M. Francis Planté, has been making a triumphal progress through the French provinces.

THE child-phenomenon, Josef Hofmann, of whom we give an account in our issue, appeared in Paris on his way to London. His programme at the Salle Erard included Weber's Concerto, Wallace's "La Cracovienne," pieces by Chopin and Mendelssohn, and the dainty variations of Rameau in which little Josef is at his best. He played a piece entitled "Les Larrons," and a "Berceuse" of his own, and improvised with his wondrous skill on a theme set him by Madame Viardot.

MADAME PALICOT has repeated in Paris the performance of Gounod's Concerto for Piano-pédalier and orchestra which we lately heard in London. Gounod conducted in person.

GOUNOD has now gone to Reims to look after his mass on "Joan of Arc" which is to be produced in the ancient cathedral some time this month.

THE Lower Rhenish Festival attracted to Düsseldorf Rosa Sucher, Hermine Spies, Gudehus, and Plank. The Festival opened with a grand performance of Handel's "Joshua," in which all those artists took part.

POLLINI has issued his programme for the next season of opera in Hamburg. It is in every way worthy of Von Bülow, whom Pollini has engaged as his conductor. A Mozart Cycle will be given, commencing with "Idomeneo," and culminating in a gala representation in commemoration of the centenary of "Don Giovanni." Massenet's "Cid" and Verdi's "Otello" are announced as novelties.

HERR SCHROEDER has assumed the bâton at the Berlin Opera for two months on trial.

VON BÜLOW has put his name down for £50 as a contribution to the guarantee fund for the Berlin Philharmonic Concerts, which will now be managed by Wolff's agency on behalf of the band.

HERR KOGEL of Leipzig will succeed Professor Mannstädt as conductor. The band is at present at Scheveningen, where it will remain for the summer season.

THE inhabitants of St. Petersburg are having a musical summer. M. Albert Vicentini's Promenade Concerts in the Pavlovsky Garden, which commenced in the end of April, will continue until the middle of September. 126 composers come within the scope of M. Vicentini's programmes. Three choral

performances will be given—Berlioz's "Faust," Félicien David's "Le Désert," and Meyerbeer's "Struensee." Like our Gwyllim Crowe, M. Vicentini is a believer in special concerts. There are to be Russian, French, Belgian, Italian, and German concerts, and special rights will also be assigned for the works of Glinka, Rubinstein, Tschaiakowsky, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Gounod, and Massenet.

FACCIO, the celebrated conductor at La Scala, whose name was so prominently brought before the public at the time of the production of "Otello," is going to the Apollo Theatre in Rome. He has signed a contract for three years at a salary of £600 a year. Besides, he is virtually promised the post of Director of the new Conservatoire which is to be established in Rome.

THE Town Council of Rome have agreed to spend £7,600 a year on the opera. This is the sum assured to Signor Canori for three years. On his part the impresario undertakes to give at least twenty performances every year. "Mefistofel," "La Gioconda," and "Otello" are among the works promised for the first year. Tamagno and Maurel have been engaged.

DR. LAMPERTI has taken La Scala, undeterred by the failure of *Messa di Corti*. The season is to open with "Tannhäuser," and the novelty promised is another opera, "Medije," by Samara, the author of "Flora Mirabilis." Devoyod will be one of the company.

A NEW comic opera, "The Pyramid," has been favourably received at the Star Theatre in New York. The libretto is the joint production of Messrs. Charles Puerner and Cayl Florio. Mr. Puerner alone being responsible for the music. The plot deals with the amusing adventures of two tourists who happen to enter the Great Pyramid at the time when a collection of mummies, who are revived one night in every thousand years, are holding high carnival. The libretto is said to be very funny, and the music bright and sparkling. The *New York Musical Courier* remarks that "an American comic opera, the music of which really has merit, and which does not depend upon vulgarity in plot, dress, speech, or action for its attractions, is rather a novelty, and deserves consideration."

A NEW Orchestral Society has been formed in New York under the name "New York Orchestral Society," which intends to give concerts every Sunday afternoon.

RUBINSTEIN's "Neio" is still on tour in the United States. It was lately performed at San Francisco—without the chief female part, Mdlle. L'Allemand having refused to play until her salary was paid.

A LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANY are going to start a Conservatoire in Toronto next September. Mr. Edward Fisher will preside over it, and the board of directors includes the names of a number of gentlemen of high social standing.

M. VIANESI succeeds M. Altès as conductor of the orchestra at the Grand Opéra in Paris. The Society of French composers protested against M. Vianesi's appointment on the ground that he was a foreigner. The protest has happily failed. M. Vianesi is at least a naturalised Frenchman, and, what is more to the point, he is the best available man for the post.

TO produce a German operetta in Paris seems like carrying coals to Newcastle. Nevertheless, the Théâtre des Nouveautés has booked Millocker's "Bégar-Student." They will be coming to "The Mikado" by-and-by.

SUPPÉ has brought out at Vienna an operetta entitled "Josef Haydn."

THE opera is a faithful picture of scenes in Haydn's life. The first act deals with Haydn's early youth, in which he was wooing his first bride, and his rival, Kurz-Bernardon, a clown at the Vienna Theatre, is introduced. Haydn is grappling with the troubles of his unfortunate marriage in the second act, which takes place ten years later, when Haydn is at Eisenstadt in the employment of Prince Esterházy. In the third act Haydn is near the close of his life, laden with years and honour. Suppé has cleverly interwoven with his sparkling music appropriate passages from Haydn's works. The second act closes with the familiar dénouement of the Surprise Symphony, and the Earthquake-Motive from the "Seven Last Words" is introduced at the end of the opera.

A NEW concert-hall (the Philharmonic) is being built in Berlin. It will contain an audience of 3,000. Members of the press are to have a *foyer* all to themselves—a politic stroke. We could do nicely with another hall like this in London.

GRIK MEYER-HELMUND, known as the writer of some charming songs, is working at a light opera, "Margita."

THE Germans are not so exclusive as the French. Halévy's musical comedy "L'Eclair" has been revived at Breslau, and the local press pronounce it to be the hit of the season.

AT the same theatre a new opera, "Der Deutsche Michel," by A-olf Mohr, bandmaster in Hamburg, won great applause.

THREE new theatres are building in Berlin and one in Vienna.

RUBINSTEIN is writing a new opera for the opening of the National Opera-house at St. Petersburg, of which he is to be the director. It will be remembered that the money for the

establishment of this new opera-house was collected by Rubinstein's own efforts.

MICHAELIS, the well-known conductor at the Wallner Theatre in Berlin, has died at the age of sixty.

LILLI LEHMANN has been winning fresh laurels in Copenhagen. The King and Queen and the whole Court were present at every performance in which she sang.

BARON VON LOEN, the director of the Ducal Theatre at Weimar, is dead. It was in Weimar, under Baron von Loen's management, that the first cyclic performance of Wagner's operas was given.

KARL POHLIG's Beethoven Cycle in Riga has been very successful. It was feared that eight concerts of Beethoven's Sonatas might prove monotonous, but in reality the interest was found to grow with each concert. Herr Pohligh has handed over the sum of £125 to the Bayreuth Fund as the proceeds of his concerts.

MADAME PESCHKA-LEUTNER is going to open a school of singing and declamation at Cologne. Her wide experience should bring her plenty of pupils.

A MUSICAL version of "Edipus Rex" in Greek has been produced by the pupils of the Royal School at Meissen. Herr Bellermann's attempt to rival the "Edipus at Colonus" and the "Antigone" of Mendelssohn has not met with much success. The great critic Ludwig Hartmann compares Herr Bellermann's work to painting a colossal Greek statue with his in water colours.

The twenty-three performances of "The Valkyre" given during this past season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels realised about £3,500, an average of £150 a night.

New Music.

JOHN HEYWOOD, Manchester.

Immanuel. Sacred Cantata. By Dr. Spark.

We can strongly recommend this work to choral societies or clubs who do not aim at very difficult performances. Several of the numbers are very pretty and effective. An orchestral accompaniment would greatly enhance it, but Dr. Spark in his preface says "it is not an ambitious work," being an oratorio for young persons. We hope by this he does not wish us to follow him. Please be ambitious, and the reward will be "an universal acknowledgment." We must accord a word of praise to the Rev. Dr. Conder for compiling the words and writing the beautiful finale, "Ye fair green hills of Galilee."

B. MALYON, Argyle Street, Glasgow.

Madame Bennett's Chart

is certainly a very simple and quick way for beginners to become well acquainted with the notes and keyboard of the pianoforte, and will be found very valuable to those who instruct themselves.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Lord Ronald the Hunter. Words by Alfred Phillips. Music by Egerton Lowe.

The subject of this song deserves better treatment in construction than it has obtained. The music is spirited, but not original.

New Musical Studies.

ON TOUCH.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPEAKING TOUCH;

OR,

THE MANNER OF SOUNDING NOTES.

MUSICAL sounds are produced on the piano—
1. By gently putting down the keys (light touch).
2. By more or less pressing the keys (expressive touch).
3. By striking the keys with more or less force (loud touch).

These modes of touch are subject to many modifications in quantity (length or brevity) and also quality, according to the character of the music. These again depend—

1. On the manner of holding the hands over the keys.
2. On the mode of raising the fingers above the notes previous to striking.
3. On the way of putting down the keys, and
4. On the style of taking the fingers off the keys after striking.
With regard to the manner of holding the hands over the keys, it may be said that the most advantageous way is to hold them high. All joints will then be at ease, more under control, and capable of producing the greatest variety of touch at a moment's notice. Care must be taken that the elbows should be kept close to the waist and not be turned out, as that would interfere with the looseness of wrist and joints.

For different modes of holding the hands and moving about, see my "Finger-Gymnastics" in the August and September number of Magazine, 1886.

Notes must be made to speak (that is touched, pressed, or struck) and distinguished above one another, according to their quantity, quality, their relative position towards one another, their place in the bar, their pitch (high or low), grouping, connection or separation, etc. All such peculiarities are again strictly subject to and modified by the time in which a piece of music is to be performed.

(N.B.—Under certain circumstances Time itself may also necessarily be subject to these conditions; for instance, in a very quick movement time must be allowed for the proper performance of the few occasional expressive passages.)

The first striking difference between notes appears to be in their length or quantity. Thus we distinguish between long and short notes. Next, with regard to their grouping, we find high and low, first and last notes, detached and connected notes or phrases. With regard to their position in the bar, we note strong and weak parts, first and second and third notes.

All such, in mere justice, require a different quality or quantity of touch, in order to be distinguished above one another. The strong must be set off against the weak, the expressive against the indifferent the long against the short, etc. A perfect and continued equality of touch would therefore be a monstrosity! It would mean—

"NOTES WITHOUT MUSIC."

(Nevertheless it is an excellent thing, both for practising and other purposes, to be able to play, not only with an equal touch, but even with a multitude of equal touches, each different from the other, and to practise all difficulties with them. I shall discuss the merits of equal touch in a separate chapter.)

As moreover notes are frequently modified, enlarged, or abbreviated the touch would here also have to undergo continuous modifications, so as to be just and in keeping with the character of the music.

Time, be it slow or quick, exercises a large influence on the value of the notes. For instance, in a quick piece all notes decrease in length (by half, by two-thirds, three-fourths even), long notes becoming short, and short notes still shorter. Therefore, as a rule, a light and "passing" (albeit crisp, sharp, decisive, and spirited) touch would be generally most suitable. Likewise, in slow time, every note becoming longer, a fuller, more or less lingering touch (with numerous variations) would not only be suitable with regard to playing the melody, but necessary; while the softest touch should be employed for the accompaniments.

To produce all these different shades, of course it is absolutely necessary to know—

- When and where and } to lift the fingers.
- How high
- How to put them down, and
- When and how to take them up again.

GENERAL RULES.

The lower or softer in proportion the sounds we wish to produce, the less need hands or fingers be raised before putting them down on the keys, or (to be as clear as possible) the closer or lower down may be their position to the keys before sounding them. For sweet and low notes also a low position and low touch are the best.

The longer the notes are to last or the louder and fuller they are to be, the higher ought hand or fingers to be raised above the keys before pressing the notes out or striking them.

The shorter, or the more detached from one another the notes are, the more light, elastic, and quick both lifting of fingers and touch ought to be. I am at present alluding to single notes, as the touch of chords and intervals will be specially treated.

FIRST AND PRELIMINARY ACTION.

The raising of the hand and fingers. Fingers must be lifted more or less high—

A. Before all notes of importance, which require some sort of preparation or manipulation in order to be either long, loud, full, or short enough, therefore—

- Before every long or prolonged note, such as semibreves, minims, dotted (.), tied, syncopated notes.
- Before and after every repeated note, interval, or chord, especially in a quick movement.
- Before every comparatively high note, especially the highest note of a group.
- Before every group of two or more notes, whether connected by a slur or not.

- Before every note bearing a mark of expression or accent (e.g. *f*, *ff*, *sfz*, *marcato*, etc.)
- Before every note with a pause on it (p).
- Before every note that bears a plain dot (.) or a pointed dot (!) on the top, except if it be connected by a slur with the preceding note!



In that case take off the finger after striking only.

8. Before the first note of every bar (unless it be tied to the last note of the preceding bar). This note occupies a strong position, and mostly requires some moderate pressure of the finger as a token of distinction.

SECOND ACTION.

How to put the fingers down on the keys, so as to sound them or make them speak: I merely repeat:

- Full notes are pressed out.
- Loud notes are struck.

* Lay any small object, say a pencil, or even a coin on a table, and it will hardly make any noise; but drop it at ever so slight an elevation, and a distinct sound will be heard. The greater the height or distance the louder the fall, and so also the higher the hand or fingers are raised before striking, the fuller the sound produced.

3. Soft notes in melodious phrases are pressed gently and glided over in runs and passages.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Put the fingers straight down on the keys. Strike, press or touch the centre of the key.

FOR SMALL AND THIN FINGERS.

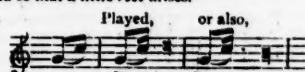
When playing a black note of consequence (for instance a high note or a forte note) with the fourth finger, lay this finger across the key so as to avoid a slip; or also use (in moderation and with discretion) the so-called Side-Touch; that is, strike the key with the right side of the fourth finger when right hand, or the left side when playing with the left hand. This touch brings the combined weight of hand and fingers to bear upon the note, and is therefore extremely strong and certain.

THIRD AND FINAL ACTION.

The taking up of the fingers after striking.

Fingers must be raised again:

- After the last note of every group (or rather from the last note), and so that a little rest arises.

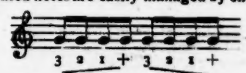


This invisible rest must be done justice to, and counted.

The value of the note decreases by about a half in a quick and a quarter in a slow movement.

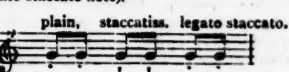
- After every quick reiterated note, as without this no very satisfactory repetition of the same sound can take place on most pianos, especially in a crescendo or *accrescendo*.

Single repeated notes are easily managed by change of finger,

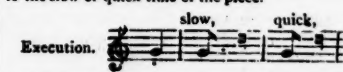


but it is very different with intervals, as sixths and octaves, or chords, which of course are best practised staccato or staccatissimo, to come out clearly (even with change of fingering).

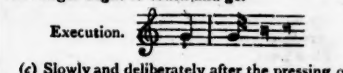
- After sounding a short note (be it a plain staccato, staccatissimo or legato-staccato note).



- Moderately quickly after a plain staccato note, according to the slow or quick time of the piece.



- Very quickly after a staccatissimo note. The finger must be curved in striking and rapidly drawn off the key. To use a colloquial phrase, "It ought almost to fly back with a snap." The finger ought to touch and go.

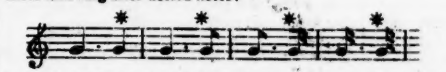


- Slowly and deliberately after the pressing out of a legato-staccato note,

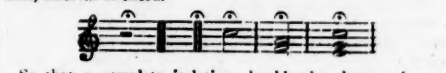


every note losing a quarter of its value.

- After any single, disconnected or otherwise isolated crotchet, quaver, semiquaver or demisemiquaver, for instance those following after dotted notes:



- After a pause placed above a rest, a bar-line, or a single note, interval or chord.



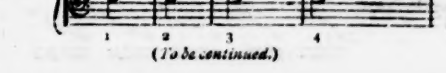
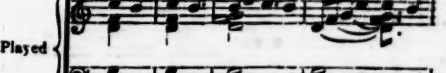
So that a complete isolation should take place and any clashing with the following note or group of notes be carefully avoided.

- After a group of three non-connected notes of different value.



Such groups are very difficult to play correctly. Most people play the last two notes like two semiquavers, but the quick lifting of the hand after the third note prevents the mistake. Should the note get too short, it may be marked as well.

- Immediately after every appoggiatura (1) and acciacatura (2), also after every group of little notes (3) unless they be tied to a chord (4).



(To be continued.)

Character of Slavonic Music and Poetry.

CHOPIN'S WORKS.

It is generally known that many of the Slavonic songs, dances, and other music, are in the minor key, and if this be not the case with the whole, some parts are certain to be in the minor. They weep, laugh, dance and mourn in the minor. This seems to us a contradiction, because we employ it mostly for the expression of sorrow, grief, or pain, and occasionally for humorous situations or "persiflage." For joy, pleasure, and happiness we use the major keys; minor melodies—yes, even the simple minor triad—awaken in us sad and melancholy feelings. How, then, can we explain the contradiction that Slavonic, and a few other nationalities (such as those of the Danube provinces), have their dances and cheerful songs, or at least intended to be cheerful, in the minor?

A retrospective glance at the history of these people inhabiting the eastern part of Europe, shows us that they, more than any other nation, have been the victims of overwhelming hardships. Placed on the boundary between Europe and Asia, they were overrun, in the period of great migrations, by hordes of Mongols, Turks, and other nations passing from Asia towards the West, as well as those returning from the East, all taking their way through the Slavonic countries, which were the scenes of the most bloody cruel battles, followed by the greatest misery. The political and social affairs of the Slavonic nations were not consolidated until these days of violence and bloodshed were over.

At first the distribution of power was very unequal; the peasants were in bondage, the insignificant smaller burghers destitute, and the nobles oppressed by despots, in daily fear of their lives. This oppression, which did not occur periodically but lasted for centuries, only being relieved in quite modern times, naturally exercised a depressing influence on the mental life of the people, inclining them to melancholy. Science has proved that deep and lasting emotions become hereditary, and thus explains how melancholy became as it were the inheritance of the whole Slavonic nation. Everyone, from the peasant to the prince, is melancholic; from this melancholy he often passes to bacchantic merriment, again to relapse into that sullen, brooding mood which we call melancholy.

In no other nation is melancholy so marked a characteristic as in the Slavonic. The inner life of individuals and of the entire people finds expression in words and tones, and music being the truest interpreter of certain mental states, it is only natural that this melancholy should be expressed in melancholic minor moods. A melancholy man can never forget his troubles, even in the most cheerful surroundings. He may laugh, dance, or sing, but the gnaw of pain is still at his heart embittering all the joys of his life.

All this explains why many dances could be written in a minor key, and also how Chopin, born and bred in this atmosphere of sadness, produced most of his works in the minor. Many Slavonic tribes wear, while they are dancing, such a funeral expression, as if they were burying their dearest friends. And thus Chopin, inclined both by birth and by the bitter experiences of his life to melancholy, found in the minor keys the best means of expressing his moods. He also composed most of his dances in a minor key; and when he occasionally makes use of the major, it is so much darkened by many discords, suspensions, and modulations into the minor, that we do not receive the impression of real happiness or unclouded joy. In his waltzes, mazurkas, and polonaises we only see a youth dancing while grief breaks his heart. He dances, sings, and rejoices, but atones for it by a night of weeping.

THE E MINOR CONCERTO.

We will now turn to one of Chopin's greater works—the E Minor Concerto, Op. 11. It is now played very frequently, and is sure to win applause from the audience even if not played by a first-rate Chopin player. It possesses, so to say, certain popular traits, taking melodies and clearness of form, which render it pleasing even if not performed in perfection. The introduction, which is rather too long (it occupies two whole pages in the pianoforte score), many think embarrassing, for they do not know what to do whilst it is being played. To sit like a statue is uncomfortable, to look about the room hardly proper; the only thing to be done both by the pianist and the audience is to listen attentively.

With iron, impressive step the *Allegro risoluto* begins as though marching resolutely to mortal strife. The diminished sevenths played in crotchets by the orchestra, sound like the heavy blows of ancient warriors. Through these are heard softly wailing melodies like the weeping of women, but they are soon stifled once more by renewed sounds of battle. We do not mean to say that the composer really intended to represent a battle—such a literal explanation is hardly possible in the vagueness of musical language—but battle and strife there certainly is, in tones, chords and rhythm. The entire first movement is of a wildly excited character, here and there quieted by that peaceful, beautiful E major *cantilene*, only to break out anew in fresh fury. The strangest progressions occur in this movement, amongst others a very peculiar passage consisting of a chain of chords of the seventh, descending in semitones on the pedal-note B.



To attempt to make these harsh dissonances less apparent by modifying the touch would not be right; on the contrary, they must be brought out sharply and decisively, but they must rush past quickly. The diminished chords of the seventh quickly galloping by must also be sharply accented like dagger-thrusts. They appear here by the dozen and mark the wild, excited mood which is prevalent throughout the whole of this movement, and which is strikingly characterized by the numerous chromatic progressions of minor chords of the sixth.

Just as the E major *cantilene* was previously the soothing element, this is the case in a still greater degree with the Romance in E major which now follows. We are here placed in one of those situations when through the soft complaint of pain and earthly sorrow a consoling voice is heard telling us romantic legends of the past. In composing this Romance Chopin thought of those blissful moments passed at the side of his dearly-loved Constance.

The Romance is throughout of a melodious character, even the passages are full of melody, but the groups of eleven and fourteen notes must be phrased correctly if the musical idea is to be made apparent. These fantastic forms so peculiar to Chopin require special study even from the greatest virtuoso. To be candid, our notation is insufficient and vague for the rhythmical construction of numerous figures; as for instance, where it is necessary to divide and rhythmically phrase eleven semiquavers on two quavers, or nineteen demi-semiquavers on four quavers, etc., and Chopin is more lavish in such figures than any other composer. If they consisted only of ascending or descending scales, which is however rarely the case, it would be comparatively easy to play them; but to group rhythmically, say, twenty-six demi-semiquavers arranged in different intervals, in such a manner as to bring out the intention of the composer, requires a special analysis with regard to accentuation and plastic grouping. The difficulty does not lie in the calculation of the right accommodation of these twenty-six demi-semiquavers to four quavers, but, as already stated, in the right grouping, phrasing, and punctuation of the notes.

The Romance also contains a remarkable passage which is seldom played correctly and generally caricatured:



"That is a passage from a Study," one would exclaim. Yes, certainly! but unluckily it occurs in the concerto, in the melodious romance, and must consequently be melodiously rendered in order to be effective. But to make something of it, to give these curious groups of notes a meaning, is not very easy. I have heard this passage played wrongly by a great many players, because they played the appoggiaturas as loudly, or rather, as softly as the principal (crotchet) notes, and this is the great mistake which makes the passage intolerable. The small ornamental notes must be played very delicately, as though only breathed out, while the crotchets are not only to be played staccato, but must also be so much accentuated as to make them more prominent than the other notes. The appoggiaturas must glide by with the greatest smoothness and delicacy, and this obviously requires the fingers of a virtuoso.

The last movement, a Rondo, is the least important, as is the case with so many concertos, symphonies, sonatas, etc. But brilliantly played it is sure to be effective, and will duly call forth applause. The principal theme, frequently repeated, is well worked into the whole; it appears several times surprisingly *piquant*. The second theme, however, is inferior, and recalls by its octave treatment the Rondo in A major by Hummel. Taken as a whole the works hold an honourable position among pianoforte concertos. In its melody, harmony, and rhythm the Slavonic character prevails, but no longer in such an exclusive manner as in the preceding works. It does not offer gigantic difficulties, but such as occur are essentially Chopin's. Awkward chords and fidgety passages requiring considerable deliberation to find the suitable fingering, and for which no preparatory exercises are to be found in any pianoforte school or other collection of studies. Chopin's studies alone offer similar material; and I must therefore repeat that he who would master Chopin's works must first prepare and school himself by his studies. No one before Chopin has written, as far as I know, a progression of chords quickly rushing by, such as the following:



Here we have a threefold chromatic scale to be played in a quick *Allegro tempo*. If the playing be not so smooth as alabaster, almost like a *glissando*, the passage will lose its due effect. The right hand will have to be drilled alone at first, for the execution is made so difficult by the constant change of black and white keys, that only months of study with the right fingering will give the necessary assurance. Similar passages in 3/4 chords in quick time are of frequent occurrence, and should not be attempted by any one who has not studied them for years. These, however, are the chief difficulties; the others are more easily overcome, and the fiery enthusiasm of youth will smooth over many obstacles.

(To be continued.)

Questions and Answers.

T. NELSON.—Thanks for music, which has been transmitted to the violinists of Gresse Street. No doubt you will hear them at Eastbourne.

MAY.—We are not acquainted with a system for taking down music in shorthand. It is not a usual accomplishment that your friend possesses. If she has a knowledge of shorthand, we think she could easily devise a system for taking down the notes. We are glad you think our paper one of the most delightful you ever read.

SUBSCRIBER.—Portrait of Charles Hallé may be obtained from London Stereoscopic Company. Picture "A Symphony by Beethoven" we can send you. "Bach playing before King Friedrich" we are not acquainted with.

MAUD HERRING.—Obtain Auger's 8172, Henry Herz's Scales and Exercises.

W. C. P., CONSTANTINOPLE.—The pianos you mention are considered of excellent make.

A. RILEY.—Will write you about "Night Breezes" early in the month.

T. K. MURRAY.—There should be a pause on one of the syllables or words at the end of the recitation. The sense of the psalm sung will indicate the syllable or word on which the pause should be made.

L. W. REED.—The circumstances you mention are unfortunate for the pianoforte. Unless the room can be kept dry there is no remedy for the evil.

J. B. N.—The Royal Academy of Music. You might write and ask for a prospectus.

R. P.—1. Not absolutely necessary, but most desirable. English concertina will not help you. 2. Yes; continue the study of harmony if you are taking it up for increasing your knowledge of music, and for recreation. 3. You might take lessons either by correspondence or personal visits; the latter is preferable. You will find addresses in the Magazine. The former, we recommend—Mr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M., Albion House, Gauden Road, Clapham, London. Thanks for your commendation and efforts on behalf of our Magazine.

RICHARD H. PEARCE, M.Ph.S.—Grove's Musical Dictionary contains information on all general subjects connected with music. We cannot recommend any slighter works, as they are generally unsatisfactory. If you belong to Smith's Subscription Library, you would no doubt be able to obtain the loan of the work, as it is expensive.

ELMS? (We are not quite sure of your *nom de plume*).—You could take this degree at a Scotch or English university. It would be well first to decide which, and then apply direct.

H. BRETT.—Yours is one of very many suggestions made to us on the subject of our Music Supplement. We have obtained the general consensus of opinion, and shall satisfy the greatest number of requirements. We are glad of your good wishes. As our circulation increases we shall be able to give a greater variety of music.

HENRY BAILEY.—Try Novello, Berners Street; or Auger, Newgate Street, London.

MRS. H. J. GODFREY.—Thanks. Your suggestion shall be remembered.



MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE,

Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Plain Words to my Readers.

Between you and myself the past three and a half years there has been growing up a feeling of friendship. With many of you I have had interchange of thought, and from a far greater number, appreciative expressions of opinion respecting our Magazine.

When I started the "Magazine of Music" in the early part of 1884, it was not with the intention of making money. My friends, and notably Dr. Stainer, pointed out that the English public was not enthusiastically musical, and had not in times past adequately supported Journals devoted to the Art. I was therefore prepared for uphill work, but being in a position to give both time and money to the advancement of musical culture, without thought of present return, I determined to do what lay in my power to further this most joyous of all the Arts by founding the Magazine, believing that in the years to come, the need of such a publication as I intended the Magazine of Music to become, and its merits, would appeal to the enthusiasm of its readers and command a large circulation.

These anticipations to a great extent have been fulfilled, month by month, and year by year, the Magazine

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

Palais Pirgo, Island of Egina, Greece, Dec. 26, 1886.
The Magazine is the only echo I have of the world of music, there being none in the Island; an occasional bugle-call, which is anything but musical, and a kind of mandoline which the shepherds sometimes play. If possible, the Magazine gives me more pleasure than it did at first.

HELEN DICKSON.

Loxfield, Suffolk, Feb. 21st, 1887.
Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of "Magazine of Music" and watch. Thanks for your promptitude in executing my small order. I may add that both give more than satisfaction.

Faithfully yours,
CECIL CRICKMAY.

34, Ivy Street, Wynford Street, Weaste, near Manchester,
Jan. 14, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I think the Christmas number of the Magazine is the best paper I have seen, and my friends are of the same opinion, judging from what they say about it. I purchased half-a-dozen, and gave them as Christmas presents.

Yours very truly,
J. E. MILLER.

Sandringham, Norfolk, Jan. 3, 1887.
It is a WONDERFUL sixpennyworth—a long way ahead the most artistic musical paper running.

ARTHUR H. CROSS,
Organist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

31, Bridge Street, Montrose, March 8, 1887.
Allow me to congratulate you on the continued excellence of your Magazine. I have persuaded several people in this district to become subscribers.

Faithfully yours,
WALTER MITCHELL, F.C.O.

137, Linthorpe Road, Middlesboro', Dec. 7, 1886.
Dear Mr. Editor,
I think—may, I am almost sure—that we were the first in this "Timmer Town" to order your Magazine. We were tempted to do so by the accounts given of it in "The People's Friend." As my husband is a musical organist, and has a great many friends in the same condition, the magazine soon found a hearty welcome in not a few homes here. We are all wearying to hear the result of the competition.

Yours sincerely,
J. L.

19, Commercial Street, Camborne.
I am very much pleased with the "Magazine of Music." The musical pages are, I think, extremely good, and I wish you every success.

J. H. BLUNT.

Sterndale Lodge, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.,
Nov. 17, 1886.
Your "dear old Magazine," as I constantly hear it called. With best wishes for its continued prosperity.

HELEN HALDANE, R.A.M.

Penzance, Dec. 7th, 1886.
I read and am always much interested in the Magazine, which undoubtedly is the best of its kind.

GEORGE BOWER MILLETT.

Whitehall, Mealsgate, via Carlisle, Feb. 5th, 1887.
Mrs. George Moore begs to acknowledge the safe arrival of the watch with "Magazine of Music," which seems unusually interesting.

Ramsgate, June 2, 1887.
Sir,—I came across your "Magazine" rather more than two years ago, and was so much taken with it that I ordered, through my bookseller, at once. I have recommended it to several friends—lovers of music like myself—in different parts of the country, and they are charmed with it.

Yours truly, R. E. FISKE.

The Trees, Church Road, Upper Norwood,
June 14, 1887.
Dear Sir,—I shall hope to be of assistance by recommending the Magazine to all my friends, and, in doing so, gain a few more subscribers; it is the least those can do who derive so much pleasure and knowledge from your publication, for the small amount of 6d. per month.

Yours truly,
H. A. MILNE.

1, Handford Villas, Raneleigh Road, Ipswich,
June 2, 1887.
Gentlemen,—I have taken your Magazine for two years, and like it very much. It is so instructive, artistic, and amusing.

I am, yours truly,
E. E. PARSON.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

"Everyone interested in music should purchase it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The contents are of absorbing interest. The magazine is rapidly taking its place in the very front rank, and is certainly admirable in every respect, leaving nothing to be desired."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

"A very interesting publication. The letterpress is altogether lively and entertaining."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

"Full of well written stories and articles."—*Huddersfield Weekly News*.

"It fully maintains its interest as the most artistic and literary production of its kind. Excellent letterpress, new music, and sketches of first-rate workmanship."—*Bradford Observer*.

"Interesting letterpress, admirably executed engravings, and high-class music."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"May be called the beau ideal magazine for lovers of music; a choicer selection of bright and piquant reading, or more useful music sheets and illustrations, could not well be desired." It is got up in splendid style, and is equally suitable to the mansion and the cottage."—*Nottingham Daily Express*.

"Contains a wealth of interesting features, for both the musical and literary inclined members of a family. The music is exceptionally good."—*Wrexham Advertiser*.

"The musical events of the month are briskly edited, and there are a great many short stories. It contains some really admirable engravings. 'The Magazine of Music' has gradually worked its way to the position of being recognised as one of the best organs of musical opinion."—*Gloucester Journal*.

"A very interesting periodical to everyone versed in the universal language of music, as it contains many biographies and portraits of great musicians, singers, and actors, and notes and news worth recording in the musical world."—*Rothsay Chronicle*.

"The stories and poems interspersed through the magazine are of a superior kind and worth. The energy displayed in the management of this journal is, we are glad to see, being appreciated by the public."—*Tamworth Herald*.

"We can heartily recommend this elegant periodical. In the face of the great cost of original music, this magazine should prove of much utility to young students of the art, as well as be of decidedly artistic value on the drawing-room table of the family."—*The Oban Telegraph*.

"Rich in song and story. Admirably got up, and embellished with engravings of exceptional merit. We cannot but accord it the highest measure of praise."—*The Oban Times*.

"The publication is got out in first-class style, and evidently regardless of expense."—*The Cashel Gazette*.

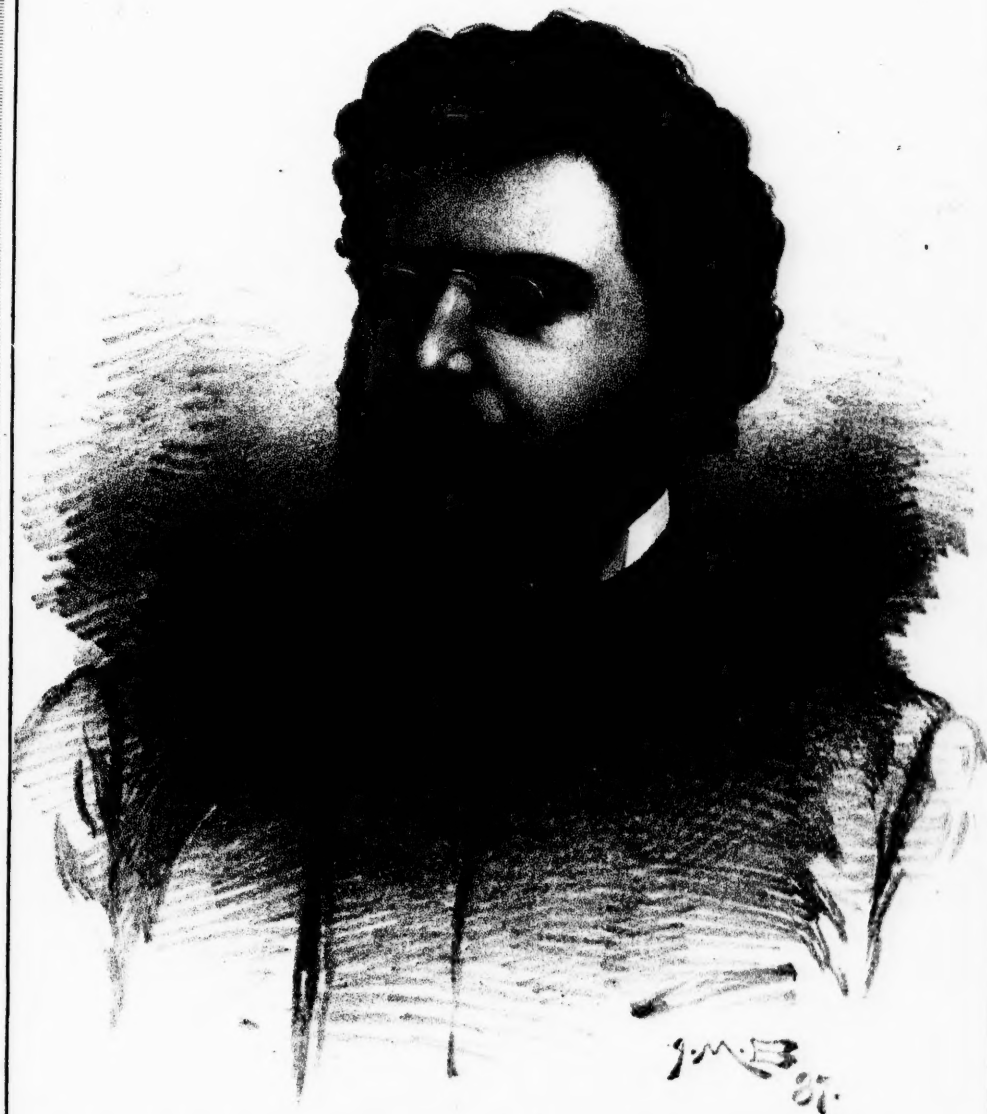
The Magazine of Music, Art, and Romance,

FOR THE STUDENT, THE MILLION, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

IS a favourite with Lovers of Music all over the world. With its Musical News, piquant and interesting; Articles, amusing and instructive; Bright Stories, Artistic Illustrations, and Charming Music Pages, it has become a Household Friend. The MAGAZINE OF MUSIC is as attractive as fine paper, the best of type, and the most skilful printing can make it. During the 12 months, 160 pages of Music, printed in the best manner on thick paper, will be given with the Magazine.

Sixpence Monthly. Rates of Subscription for 12 Months, including Extra Shilling Christmas Number, 7s. 6d.; or without Christmas Number, 6s. 6d. per annum.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to E. RAE.

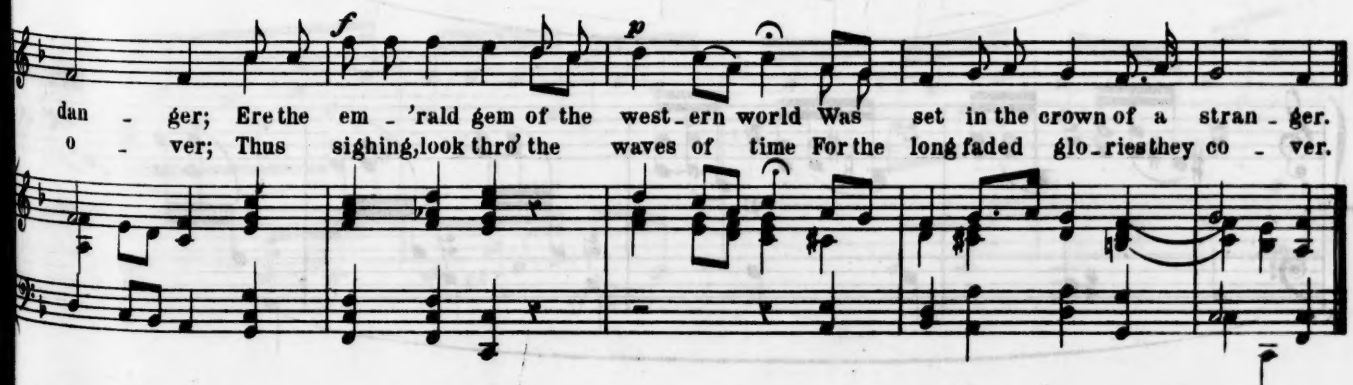
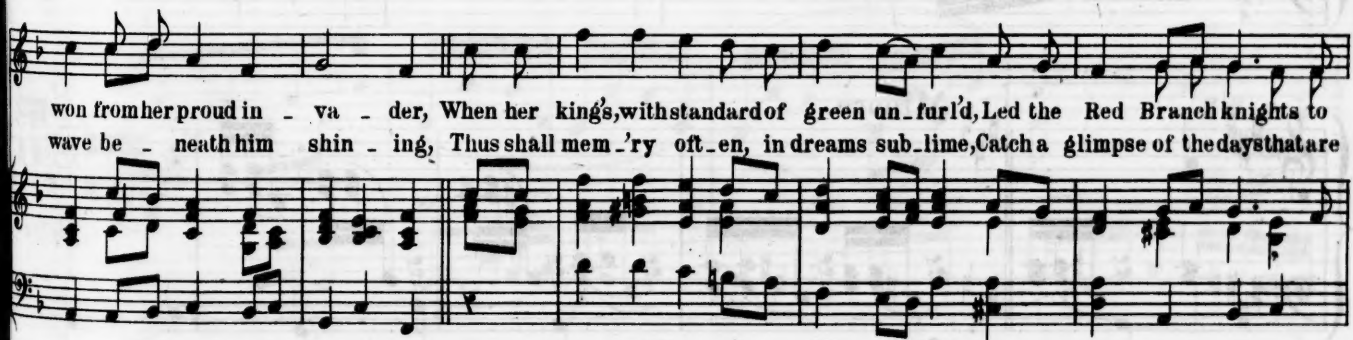
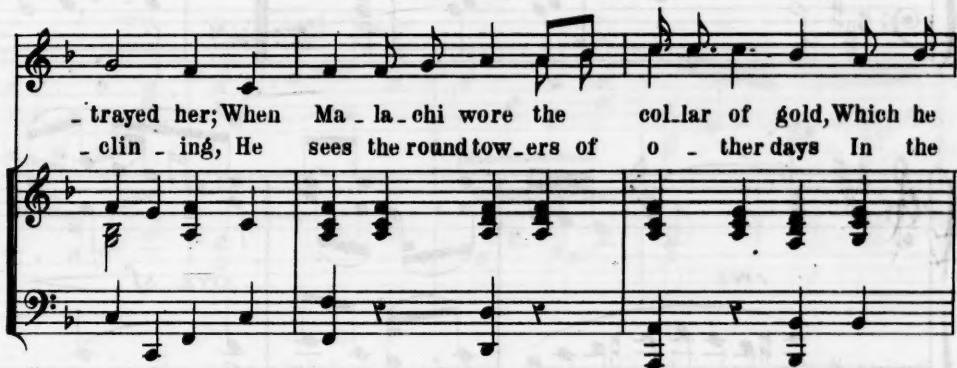
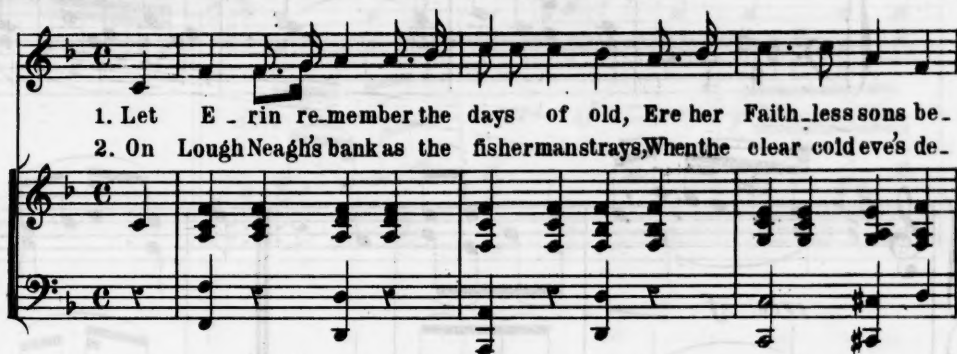


GEORGES BIZET.





Words by
Thomas Moore



BAGATELLE.

Andante. ($\text{♩} = 108.$)

L. v. BEETHOVEN, OP. 33.

dol.
p
cres. sf
cres.
cres. sf
1.
2.
Minore.
p
cres.

Op. 33.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic, then a piano (*p*) dynamic, and ending with a crescendo (*cres.*). The bass staff contains a single eighth-note chord.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a section marked "Majore." with a *dol.* (dolando) marking. This is followed by a crescendo leading to a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic, and then a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff contains a single eighth-note chord.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo leading to a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic, and then a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff contains a single eighth-note chord.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo leading to a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic, and then a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff contains a single eighth-note chord.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo leading to a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic, and then a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff contains a single eighth-note chord.



WHEN LOVE AND I WERE YOUNG.

Words by
SARAH DOUDNEY.

Music by
J. MORE SMETON.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in D major and 4/4 time. It begins with a *p dolce* (piano, sweetly) marking and features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *Andante moderato*. The introduction concludes with a *piu f* (piano, more forte) marking.

The first line of the vocal melody begins with a *p* (piano) marking. The melody is in D major and 4/4 time, featuring a gentle, flowing line.

When Love and I were young to - geth - er, We did not care for

The piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the left hand and a supporting melody in the right hand, marked with a *p* (piano) dynamic.

The second line of the vocal melody continues the gentle, flowing line, marked with a *p* (piano) dynamic.

storms and showers; We laughed and sang in win - try weath - er


The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics continues the steady, rhythmic pattern in the left hand and the supporting melody in the right hand.

The third line of the vocal melody includes a triplet of eighth notes, marked with a *p* (piano) dynamic.

or roved in rap - ture through the flowers; We ling - er'd in the sun - ny

The piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics continues the steady, rhythmic pattern in the left hand and the supporting melody in the right hand, concluding with a final chord.

pla - ces, And mocked the black-bird's mer - ry trill; The



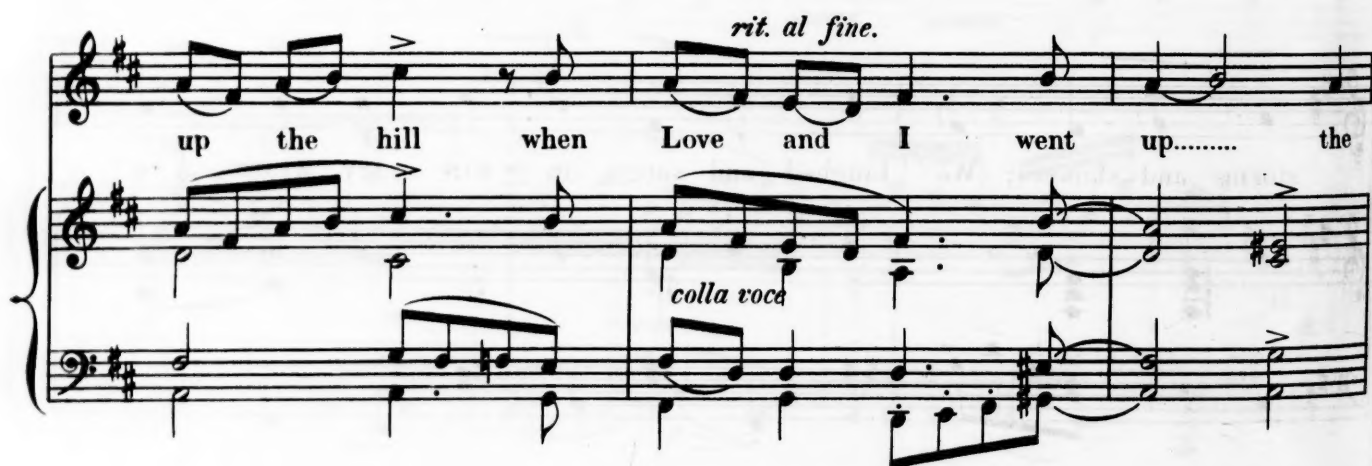
f light of morn was on our fac - es, When Love and I went *p con sentimento*

f *p colla voce*



rit. al fine. up the hill when Love and I went up..... the

colla voce



hill.

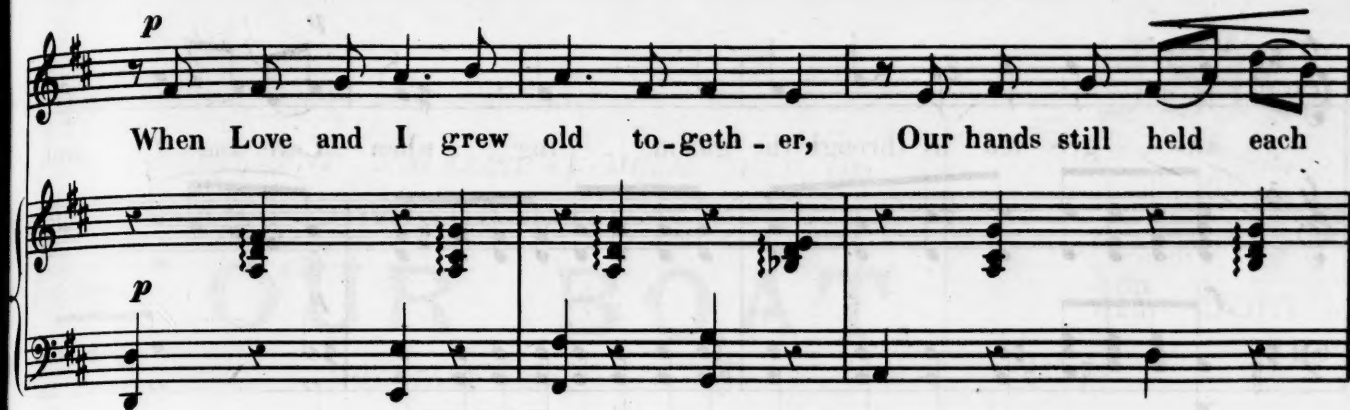
mf dolce



p

When Love and I grew old to- geth - er, Our hands still held each

p



oth - er fast; In bit - ter days and cloud - y weath - er,



True hearts can dream of sum-mer past; Old paths where youth be-held us



roam - ing were sweet with aut-umn ros-es still, And



f an - gels led us through the gloam - ing when Love and I went *p*

f down the hill when Love and I went down the hill. *mp*

f *rall. al fine.* When Love and I went down the *colla voce*

hill. *p a tempo dolce*

EXTRA SUPPLEMENT. MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, JULY, 1887.

IN OUR BOAT.

FOUR-PART SONG

BY

MARIAN SAUNDERS.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC,

VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

13, Fanton Street, Leeds,
Dec. 15th, 1886.

Sir,—I came across your Magazine last May, and have taken it ever since, thinking it the premier of all musical publications.

JOHN BERRY.

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WALTER MITCHELL, F.C.O.



137, Linthorpe Road, Middlesboro',
Dec. 7th, 1886.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I think—nay, I am almost sure—that we were the first in this "Timmer Toun" to order your Magazine. We were tempted to do so by the accounts given of it in "The People's Friend." As my husband is a music-mad organist, and has a great many friends in the same condition, the magazine soon found a hearty welcome in not a few homes here. We are all wearying to hear the result of the competition.

Yours sincerely,

J. L.

Sterndale Lodge, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.,
Nov. 17th, 1886.

Your "dear old Magazine," as I constantly hear it called. With best wishes for its continued prosperity.

HELEN HALDANE, R.A.M.

We want to double the circulation of the Magazine. This is a matter in which many can help one. We (one) for many years have helped many. Will you reciprocate our efforts? If each one taking the Magazine will obtain another constant reader, the work will be accomplished.

EDITOR.

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

Is the most Successful and Artistic Musical Journal in the World.

THERE IS NOTHING CHEAP ABOUT THE MAGAZINE EXCEPT THE PRICE.

.....

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"Interesting letterpress, admirably executed engravings, and high-class music."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"May be called the beau-ideal magazine for lovers of music: a choicer selection of bright and piquant reading, or more useful music sheets and illustrations, could not well be desired. It is got up in splendid style, and is equally suitable to the mansion and the cottage."—*Nottingham Daily Express*.

"Contains a wealth of interesting features, for both the musical and literary inclined members of a family. The music is exceptionally good."—*Wrexham Advertiser*.

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"A very interesting periodical to everyone versed in the universal language of music, as it contains many biographies and portraits of great musicians, singers, and actors, and notes and news worth recording in the musical world."—*Rothesay Chronicle*.

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"Rich in song and story. Admirably got up, and embellished with engravings of exceptional merit. We cannot but accord it the highest measure of praise."—*The Oban Times*.

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Sixpence Monthly. Rates of Subscription for 12 Months, including Extra Shilling Christmas Number, 7s.; or without Christmas Number, 6s. per annum.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to E. RAE.

ECLA

In Our Boat.

Music by MARIAN SAUNDERS.

TREBLE. *p* Stars trembling o'er us, and sun - set be - fore us, Mountains in

ALTO. *p* Stars trembling o'er us, and sun - set be - fore us, Mountains in

TENOR. *p* Stars trembling o'er us, and sun - set be - fore us, Mountains in

BASS. *p* Stars trembling o'er us, and sun - set be - fore us, Mountains in

PIANO. *p*

sha - dow, and for - ests a - sleep; Down the dim ri - ver, we

sha - dow, and for - ests a - sleep; Down the dim ri - ver, we

sha - dow, and for - ests a - sleep; Down the dim ri - ver, we

sha - dow, and for - ests a - sleep; ... Down the dim ri - ver, we

pp *rall.*

float on for e - ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

pp

float on for e - ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

pp

float on for e - ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

pp

float on for e - ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

pp *rall.*

Come not, pale Sor-row, flee till to - mor-row; Rest, soft-ly fall - ing, o'er

Come not, pale Sor-row, flee till to - mor-row; Rest, soft-ly fall - ing, o'er

Come not, pale Sor-row, flee till to - mor-row; Rest, soft-ly fall - ing, o'er

Come not, pale Sor-row, flee till to - mor-row; Rest, soft-ly fall - ing, o'er

eye-lids that weep; While down the ri-ver we float on for e-ver,

eye-lids that weep; While down the ri-ver we float on for e-ver,

eye-lids that weep; While down the ri-ver we float on for e-ver,

eye-lids that weep; While down the ri-ver we float on for e-ver,

pp *rall.*
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace . . . on the deep. As the waves

pp
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace . . . on the deep. As the waves

pp
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace . . . on the deep. As the waves

pp
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep. As the waves

pp *rall.*

**TIGHTLY
BOUND**

pp *rall.*

float on for e - ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

pp

float on for e - ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

pp

float on for e - ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

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pp *rall.*

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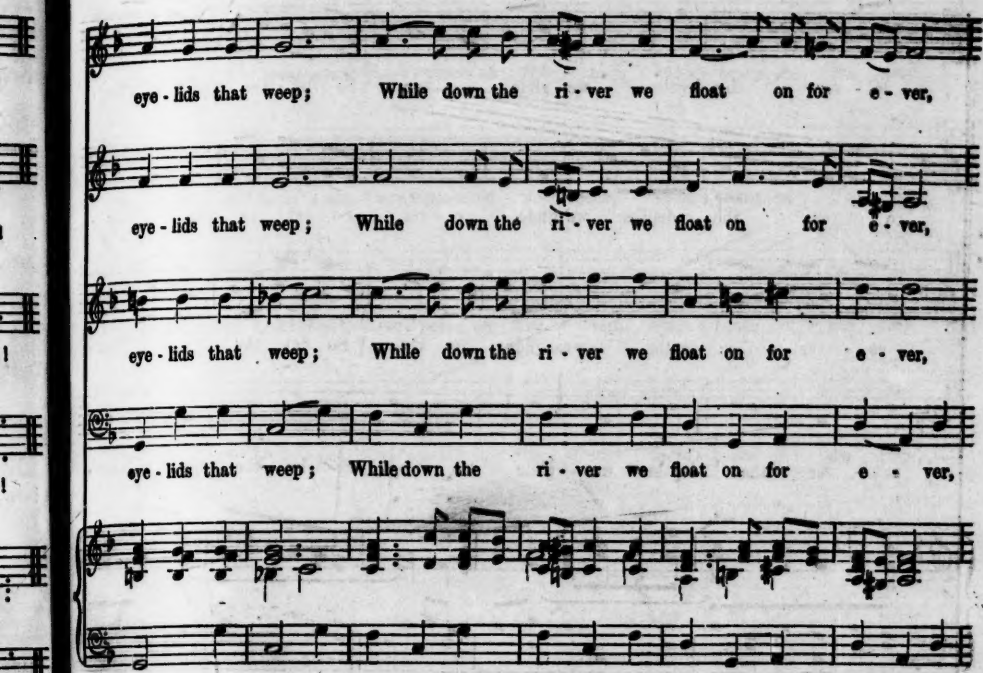
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eye-lids that weep; While down the ri-ver we float on for e-ver,



pp *rall.*
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace . . . on the deep. As the waves

pp
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace . . . on the deep. As the waves

pp
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace . . . on the deep. As the waves

pp
Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep. As the waves

pp *rall.*



co - ver the depths we glide o - ver, So let the past in for -

co - ver the depths we glide o - ver, So let the past in for -

co - ver the depths we glide o - ver, So let the past in for -

co - ver the depths we glide o - ver, So let the past in for -

- get - ful - ness sleep; While down the ri - ver we float on for e - ver,

- get - ful - ness sleep; . . While down the ri - ver we float on for e - ver,

- get - ful - ness sleep; While down the ri - ver we float on for e - ver,

- get - ful - ness sleep; . . While down the ri - ver we float on for e - ver,

rall.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep, there's peace on the deep.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep, there's peace on the deep.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep, there's peace on the deep.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep, there's peace on the deep.

*p**rall.*

Heaven! shine a - bove us, bless all that love us, All whom we

Heaven! shine a - bove us, bless all that love us, All whom we

Heaven! shine a - bove us, bless all that love us, All whom we

Heaven! shine a - bove us, bless all that love . . us, All whom we

p

love, in thy ten-der-ness keep: While down the ri-ver we

love, in thy ten-der-ness keep: While down the ri-ver we

love, in thy ten-der-ness keep: While down the ri-ver we

love, in thy ten-der-ness keep: While down the ri-ver we

pp riten. dim.

float on for e-ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

float on for e-ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

float on for e-ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep!

float on for e-ver, Speak not, Ah! breathe not!

p riten. dim. pp

poco a poco rit.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

Speak not, Ah! breathe not, there's peace on the deep.